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Selections.

HONORS TO FREMONT IN ST. LOUIS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

St. Louis, Nov. 2, 1862.

Another tremendous outpouring of the people took place last night in honor of Gen. Fremont. Those editors and politicians who vainly think they have killed off Fremont, ought to have witnessed it. The occasion was the presentation of the magnificent sword purchased by the subscriptions of the German and American admirers of the gallant Pathfinder residing in this city. The sword was manufactured to order by Tiffany of New York, and has often been described. It was on exhibition on Broadway for several weeks before it came to St. Louis. It cost over $1,000, and is superbly ornamented with diamonds and rich chasing of pure gold.

As a preliminary to the presentation, a grand torchlight procession took place, composed of delegations from every ward in the city, bearing transparencies and torches in great profusion. Several hundred military men joined in the demonstration. About seventy young ladies, in carriages, were escorted by cavalry, and formed an interesting feature in the procession. In numbers and enthusiasm this demonstration has never been surpassed in this place. The procession was more than a mile long, and the streets along the route were densely crowded with spectators. No less than nine splendid bands of music volunteered their services, and assisted to enliven the scene.

The Brant Mansion, where Gen. Fremont is stopping, was taken possession of late in the afternoon by the Committee of Arrangements, and decorated and illuminated in a gorgeous and tasteful manner. Evergreens and flowers, flags and streamers, shields and wreaths, were combined in various forms, and at night Chinese lanterns, red, white and blue in color, were arranged to spell out the name, "John C. Fremont." For a long time previous to the arrival of the procession, every available spot was occupied by a vast audience. When the head of the *cortege* arrived, the ladies descended from the carriages, and were conducted to the spacious parlors of the building, and in a few moments the presentation ceremonies commenced.

The scene, as viewed from the front door of the Brant Mansion, was incomparably fine, and served as a fitting response and rebuke from the hearts of the people to the ravings of the politicians at that moment in another part of the city reviling Fremont's military management in this State, and ridiculing the enthusiasm of his friends. The transparencies were ranged along the sidewalks, and among the devices were the following:

"Fremont and victory!"
"Fremont, the man of the future!"
"Fremont the hope of the country!"
"*And their slaves*, if any, *shall be free men!*"—*Fremont's Proclamation, Aug.* 8, 1861.
"Emancipation, the first great step of the nation, onward to its manifest destiny."

The presentation speech was made by Emil Pretorious, Esq., a prominent Main street merchant, and a candidate on the anti-Blair ticket for the Legislature. As soon as the applause was through, and "three cheers for Fremont" had been given, the General responded:

REPLY OF GEN. FREMONT.

This, my friends, is a magnificent setting in which you place the noble gift that, in the name of the German population of St. Louis, I have just received from their Committee. I am happy that circumstances have enabled me to receive it directly from yourselves, and that I have this opportunity in the sound of your voices and the light of your torches, and in the kindling enthusiasm of the moment, to tell you how deeply I am indebted to you and how cordially I reciprocate your friendship. Believe, my German friends, that I fully appreciate the distinction this friendship gives me. Habituated for generations to liberty and domestic tranquillity, our American people enjoyed them like sunshine and air, as the natural conditions of their lives. Their homes have been always sanctuaries, their persons inviolable as Roman Senators; every avenue to individual prosperity was open to them, and when the crash of civil war came, they heard in it only the call to arms for a transient struggle.

But your surroundings have been of a different character, and when the guns of Sumter broke the peace of the continent, they woke far other echoes in your hearts. You had lived where political and social liberty existed only in men's aspirations. You remembered how often you had seen the sword of the people vainly bared against the tyrannies of established power, and you know better how to appreciate a birthright of liberty, and saw quicker the presence of its dangers. Therefore, it is—and because you are farther removed from the intrigues which in this country make the public service dangerous—that your approbation has in it a peculiar value. And this it is that makes the beautiful gift I receive from you to-night, and this splendid exhibition of regard with which you surround its presentation, one of the most solid satisfactions of my life.

And, indeed, I am truly happy that you have placed me among that brotherhood of patriots to whose hands you are willing to confide the sword in your cause. For no matter how begun, this is the people's war. Whatever issue bared the sword, it is now a reformation, and you contend not only for the integrity of the country, but for its regeneration, which it is in your hands to accomplish.

In every country its leading features mark out the sites where great battles must be fought. Upon the old continent, recurring battles on the same spots, and age after age, have witnessed the struggle of nations always more or less for liberty, working out always the problem of government—whether the people should hold the sword or be themselves subject to it.

At last we have received the baptism of blood which admits us among the old nations. Upon our hitherto peaceful country these last impressions have been made, that complete its resemblance to the old continent, and now this problem of government comes to us, and is already marking out its historic fields. But this time it finds the sword in the hands of the people—this time they are masters of the situation. They see it from their vantage ground and by the light of ages, and they will so wield the sword that this first shall be their last and only contest in this question of government, and that these historic battle-fields of ours shall be, not the recurring arenas for the fruitless shedding of fraternal blood, but great seals upon the final triumph of popular liberty.

But while you give the wealth and power of the nation to maintain the integrity of its territory, and while you stand by your constituted authorities with invincible fidelity, and hold them inflexibly in position, you must with equal determination maintain those safeguards which have been thrown around your personal liberties. The strength of the nation to rise superior to every assault lies in the maintenance of individual liberty as it stood under the supremacy of the laws—in the freedom of speech and freedom of the press. Every invasion of the laws is a usurpation, dangerous in revolution, and not to be justified by any plea of temporary expediency. *Obsta principiis*—stop the beginnings, and stop them decisively, remembering that if you fail in this duty you surrender the sword, and the people fall.

God placed in the hands of an angel, at the gates of Eden, a flaming sword, turning on every side, to guard the way to the tree of life. So has he placed in your hands a sword which you must always keep bare and flaming, and turning every way, to guard the approaches to that liberty, which is the tree of your national life.

And now my dear and kind friends, in parting from you and leaving our connection to those pleasant associations, the memory of which we have rekindled to-night, what can I say that will even remotely express the deep impressions your generous favor has made upon me? I shall hold you always in most cordial and affectionate remembrance, and I can only say that gratitude and regard for you will remain among the permanent emotions of my heart.

The laws of Rome denied triumphs to Generals for victories obtained in civil wars—and rightly too, for how can we find in the bloodshed and misfortunes of countrymen occasions for rejoicing? But this—if it be not presumptuous in me to say so—this is a triumph which no feelings and no laws forbid, and which every law would be powerless to express—a triumph in the affections of the people.

A SECOND PRESENTATION BY THE LADIES, AND ANOTHER SPEECH.

After the sword presentation, the General retired from outside to the large parlor of the Brant Mansion, where a company of German young ladies were introduced to him. In the presence of a room full of admiring spectators, among whom were many distinguished army officers and prominent citizens, Miss Josephine Weigel presented a sash to the General, in the following beautifully-chosen words:

"It was an old custom of our German ancestors that the wives and daughters of the warriors stood by them in the hour of trial, encouraged them in their battles for freedom and independence, and cheered them on to their deeds of valor. As the representatives of the German ladies of St. Louis, we appear before you, the patriot and the honored leader in the great struggle for liberty, and beg your acceptance of a sash, a work of our own hands. The sword, which the Germans of the West presented to you to-day, and the sash with which we accompany it, will forever convince you how dear your name is to the children of the German fatherland, always the true and bold defenders of liberty and our common country.

"The emblem with which we adorned our gift will show you the spirit which prompted its execution. 'United and free' is the rallying cry of the Germans in this great struggle for our national existence, and we trust that John C. Fremont, the chosen standard-bearer of liberty, will accept and cherish this little token of our love and admiration in the same sense in which we present it."

To which the General gallantly and fittingly replied as follows:

"It gives me, ladies, much pleasure that you have been willing to add this beautiful expression of your regard to the gift I have just received.

"In old times, before a knight was invested with sword and spurs, it was customary that he should undergo a period of abstinence and penance. I have gone through my period of mortification, and I am happy that at the end of it my sword is now to be girt on by such fair and friendly hands.

"There is an old story, probably more familiar to yourselves than to me, of a ring, which touched sharply the finger of its wearer when evil thoughts arose in his mind, or whenever he felt tempted to commit a wrong. Coming as it does from such a pure and generous source, this touch of your gift to my band will be to me an impulse to generous thoughts and right acts.

"I use this occasion to offer to you, my countrywomen, the tribute of my admiration for your patriotic devotion to the country, and at the same time to express, in the name of the good soldiers whom I have commanded, their thanks and mine for the kindness which has saved so many lives and soothed so many hours of rugged pain. I trust that your self-sacrificing devotion will have an early reward. I hope that, for your sakes, peace will soon return, so that the husbands, brothers and sons whom you have sent to the field may again gladden your homes."

THE PROGRAMME OF TREASON.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

Frederick City, Md., Oct. 28, 1862.

Conversing with a gentleman a few days ago, with whom a rebel officer sojourned a short time during the late invasion of Maryland, he related the following as the substance of a social conversation between himself and the officer, who appeared to be a very free-spoken and candid gentleman, and a man of no ordinary degree of intelligence; and taking a particular liking to his host, who, like himself, had been an uncompromising old-line Whig, he spoke freely of the political issues of the day. Upon my friend's asking him how *he*, being a disciple of the immortal Clay, could take part in the destruction of this glorious Republic, which was the pride and boast of that illustrious statesman, he replied that he did not feel altogether *at home* in his present vocation, and often had *serious doubts* on the subject; he thought the Southern States should have made further efforts to right their grievances in the Union before going out of it, but that he found himself, like thousands of others, the creature of circumstances, although he had, in the beginning, opposed secession as both impolitic and suicidal to the best interests of both sections. The tremendous pressure brought to bear upon the public mind in the South soon caused the irrevocable step to be taken, which made it too late for compromise, and as all his interests lay in that section, and his fellow-countrymen had cast themselves into the breach, he now thought it best to cast in his destiny with theirs, and, making common cause, press the issue to ultimate success, which he seemed to have but little doubt of being the result of their struggle—the *principal aid* upon which he relied as a means to that end was a division of sentiment at the North; *and the "Democratic party" was to be used as the instrument to accomplish that very desirable object.*

My friend here remarked that he thought these expectations ill-founded, as Northern Democrats had nobly responded to the call of the President for troops, and were largely represented in the field by both officers and men, who would never cease their efforts until the rebellion was unconditionally subdued, and the country reunited.

The officer replied: "Don't you deceive yourself in the signs of the times; *our 'game' is a deep one.* We have counted the cost; we *know* what we can do. *Our agents are now operating all over the North.* They are mixed up in all the various ramifications of society, political, religious and social, and at the proper time the world will stand in astonishment at some of the boldest and most sublime master-strokes of policy the mind of man has ever conceived, or the cunning and perseverance of the human race ever executed; States and statesmen, Presidents and Cabinets will fall before it, like grain before the sickle. Our plans are well matured; it is next to impossible to fail. Everything so far has resulted just as *we arranged it should*, and with a few slight exceptions, and some little unforeseen accidents, we have succeeded fully equal to our most sanguine expectations. We planned the disarrangement of the currency to destroy Northern credit; and our agents, by simultaneously purchasing gold and silver at a premium, assisted by other speculators who unwittingly *aided* our schemes, came near upsetting the monetary affairs of the nation, which was only temporarily prevented by Northern capitalists, who feel that their all is at stake in this war, and who have succeeded in staving off the *money crisis* a little longer; but it *will* come in spite of all their efforts to prevent it. And after the Northern elections, *which we cannot fail of carrying*, and the maturity of other plans which will soon develop themselves, we shall have a net-work spread over the *entire nation*, so minute in its details, and so inextricable in its nature, that even the devil himself, with all his arts and subtlety, could not escape through its meshes! Northern Democracy will fall into our embrace as gently as a lover falls into the arms of his mistress! Many who are now acting with that party have no idea of the *extent and purpose* of the political campaign before them, and it is well they have not, or we should be deprived of many valuable coworkers, who are not yet prepared to adopt our views, and who are yet acting in good faith toward the Federal government, but who will at the proper time (with some few exceptions) follow the victorious banner of 'Democracy' into the camp of the South, and openly espouse the cause they are now secretly, and many of them ignorantly, advancing. They will not stand alone in this matter; many who have hitherto stood far above the reach of suspicion will find themselves *gradually and imperceptibly entangled in the web we have woven for their especial cases*; and who, after finding where they have unconsciously wandered, may make a spasmodic effort to extricate themselves, but finally yield, helpless victims to the inexorable destiny which awaits them.

"Why, my dear sir, you may not believe me when I tell you, but some who have heretofore been the head and front—leaders of the Republican party—will assist us not a little in 'playing out' Democracy into the hands of our Confederacy; and when all is ready, a dissolution of Congress and a mutiny in the National army (caused by personal and political bickerings and jealousies, the seeds of which are already sown), are obviously things of easy accomplishment.

The Republican party is also unconsciously playing into our hands; recklessness and stupidity characterize every act. They appear blind to their own fate, and careless as to the fate of their country. Intoxicated with their success at the last Presidential election—bewildered at the magnitude of the crisis, and the complicated condition of national affairs, and hopelessly divided into two helpless factions, the Conservatives and the Radicals, the latter of whom drive the 'machine'—they are incapable of offering successful resistance to the mighty influences which cluster around the charmed name of 'Democracy'; so you see the power must soon pass from their hands, and by a little management upon our part, whilst we have set Democrats and Republicans by the ears, quarrelling over minor things and the spoils of office, we will adroitly secure the *substance* and leave them the empty *shadow* to appropriate between them.

"Mark my word for it, we will create a division in the North; we will kill off Republicanism with Democracy, and then swallow up Democracy at our leisure! Both stand in the way of our purpose, and both must fall." Maryland.

THE PROCLAMATION IN THE ARMY.

Correspondence of The Times.

Bolivar Heights (above Harper's Ferry), October 27, 1862.

Your editorial on "A Month of the Proclamation" views the subject from a truthful stand-point, and commends itself to every one at all conversant with the facts of the case.

Intercourse with the army, the Border State people and the rebels, enables your correspondent to confirm the statements of the writer as to the reception of the important document by the soldiers, Marylanders, rebel leaders and negroes.

It is the politicians at home, and not the voters in the field, who oppose this new war measure. The most cruel kind of warfare, Macaulay remarks in one of his essays, is that waged on peace principles. The remark had reference to the old European contests, but how aptly it applies to the war in which we are now engaged. Eighteen months ago we began the labor of restoring the Union. The sword was extended in one hand, and the olive branch in the other. Rebels taken in arms were turned loose with a gentle reprimand, and were expected, for the *courtesy* shown them, to come back to their allegiance. Forts, arsenals and navy-yards slipping through government fingers, without the least apparent effort being made to save them, lest further *provocation* ensue, and the breach between the North and South be widened. Rebel emissaries were suffered to go abroad, and prejudice the European mind with the story of their pretended wrongs.

Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas had seceded, yet the conciliatory policy was still pursued. At length, when the hate, din, fury and determination of the rebellion began to make itself more apparent, a little imprisonment, confiscation, and other similar ingredients were added to the Union-saving elixir. Still the war continued to be conducted on peace principles; and why not, it is a contest between brother and brother?

Two hundred thousand men are rendered *hors de combat*, and the government at length awakes to the necessity of warring it on war principles, and brings every available nerve to bear in the contest.

Such is the view of the case entertained almost unanimously by both officer and private. I have mingled freely with the various corps of our army, and not one word of disapprobation have I heard, save from one Maryland Lieutenant, who deserted last week. "Let us finish up this war by any means whatsoever, and return home" is the feeling. "As long as the rebels have chosen to make the nigger the issue, let them have it, and to their heart's content," remarked an artillery Captain to me a few days since, who, until recently, was of strong pro-slavery proclivities. "Amen," responded his men, who are nearly every one Democrats. The recent proclamation of Gen. McClellan, in regard to political discussion in the army, may have led the Seymourites to suppose that a division exists among the soldiers in regard to the proclamation, sufficient to warrant the insertion of a denunciatory resolution in their platform. There never was a greater mistake.

Whatever may have been her feelings toward the South at the commencement of troubles, Maryland's sympathies are now heartily with the Union as against the bogus Confederacy. As this war has progressed, her people have learned that it was not begun on the part of the rebel leaders from a sense of wrongs inflicted, but "originated," as the Richmond *Examiner*, of the 18th, admits, "and is carried on in great part for the defence and perpetuation of the institution" (slavery). Such being the case, they have come to regard the rebellion in the same light with loyalists of more Northern birth, and to cherish the same desire for its rapid overthrow.

Experience has taught them of the available strength which slavery holds out to either party, and of the necessity which exists for turning it against the rebels if we would subdue them.

When an insolent and cruel enemy threatens at the first opportunity to carry desolation to their homes, they are not going to oppose any measure whereby that enemy's power can be broken. I accordingly have found in my journeyings through Maryland a general acquiescence in this last measure of the President's. Among other sheets, the Frederick *Examiner*, published at the late seat of rebel power in Maryland, cordially endorsed it, while there are no papers save those of decidedly secession proclivities which directly oppose it.

There is no measure, I am confident, which has caused such dismay to the heart of the rebel leaders as that same "Lincoln proclamation." Said an intelligent Aid-de-Camp to me, who had been taken prisoner a few days since, "This proclamation is monstrous; it will stir up our slaves and create general insurrection, which is contrary to the rules of civilized warfare." My reply to him was, that the proclamation had gone far toward the attainment of the desired result, if such a reign of terror had been produced among the rebels. Last evening one of the loyal Virginians of this place remarked to me that the President's proclamation would do more toward the finishing of the war than all other military measures combined. Sixty years spent in the South enables him to speak intelligently of what pertains to Southerners. Such is the impression entertained by all the loyal Virginians whom I have met. And who more competent to judge? On our recent advance to Charlestown, the effects of the proclamation on the rebels were very apparent. Nearly all the slaves have been sent South, showing the utter fallacy of the oft-repeated statement that the negroes would under no circumstances desert their masters. The people were all in a *qui vive* in regard to it, and it was plain to see that the proclamation constituted the burden of their thought as well as conversation. To be sure, dire hate and vengeance were depicted on nearly every countenance, but have they borne any different expression since the very commencement of the rebellion, when the Southern heart became so thoroughly gangrened?

What effect it has had among the slaves no one can doubt, who is at all acquainted with the negro character. Let them once get it into their heads that "Massa Lincoln habe set me free," and the peaceful relation between the master and slave is at once ended. They will become as stubborn and ungovernable as they were before docile and obedient. Scarcely a day passes that some poor fugitive does not come within our lines and report their fellow-bondsmen as anxiously looking forward to the first of January, when they are to "lay down the shovel and the hoe," seize the implements of war and play insurrection generally. J.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

Sir: Having heard and read much about the opinions of the army on the President's proclamation of freedom, I have made inquiry as to the views of the eleven regiments composing Gen. Abercrombie's Division, to which I am attached. First, as to the General himself. He is so good a soldier that he expresses few opinions, but will obey all orders. Of the eleven regiments, ten are largely, indeed almost unanimously, in favor of the proclamation. As to the remaining one, I have not been able to inquire. The officers are heartily with the President upon his great edict, believing it to be a positive force in the prosecution of the war equal to a levy of many men.

For one, I feel that into the conflict God's inspiration has now entered, and that all expenditure of money and loss of life will be recompensed by the great good that shall come to humanity from this fearful struggle. When the war was simply for the preservation of the Union and of the liberty of the white, dominant race, we were ready to sacrifice our home enjoyments and life for its successful prosecution. But, now that the conflict has assumed the grander shape, and, in order to secure the Union and our white liberty we are compelled at last to be just to the negro, we feel that we fight for God and Universal Humanity, as well as for ourselves. Each hospital-bed and battle-field thus becomes sanctified, and in such a cause suffering is crowned as martyrdom.

Knowing that you will pardon my letter in your wish to hear how the army receives the proclamation,

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
Stewart L. Woodford,
Lieut.-Col. 127th N. Y.

Camp Bliss, Upton's Hill, Va., Oct. 22, 1862.

GOV. ANDREW AND THE CONTRABANDS.

From The Boston Journal, Nov. 1.

The Democratic General and his aid (the latter from Massachusetts) who undertook to manufacture a little political capital for the benefit of the Democratic People's party here, by inviting Gov. Andrew to make provision for the care and support of five hundred contrabands, received a very pertinent and forcible reply from His Excellency, a copy of which we lay before our readers. It will be difficult for these political Generals, or their friends here, to evade the logic of Gov. Andrew's reply, while the fact will remain upon record that the proposition to introduce negro contrabands into the State came from a Democratic source, and was rejected, for good and sufficient reasons, by a Republican Governor.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Executive Department, Boston,
October 16, 1862.

Major John A. Bolles, *A. D. C. to Major-Gen. Dix.*

Major: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Sept. 30, accompanied by a letter from Gen. Dix, together with a copy of a letter addressed to the General from the War Department at Washington. In these general communications it is proposed to me to take some active measures for the reception in Massachusetts of a portion of the escaped slaves now at or about Fortress Monroe, according to a plan proposed by Maj.-Gen. Dix, and in which the General has obtained the acquiescence of the War Department. This plan is represented as "very desirable for reasons both military and humane." It is said that the Fortress is threatened, and probably may be attacked; that if so, these people may be "swept back into slavery," or that a hasty retreat and transportation of them will be attended inevitably with severe suffering to the helpless.

It is imperative upon me to say that though I sympathize deeply with the humane motives upon which Gen. Dix is seeking to act, I do not concur in any way or to any degree in the plan proposed. These same motives of humanity lead me in a different direction, and to a point where in general, as sound reasoning teaches, and even in particular cases, as the case in question makes manifest, I find that the true interests of the African and Saxon are interwoven and their rights correlative as they are identical, so that the assertion and maintenance of the one become the salvation of the other. If, indeed, it is true that rebel hordes are coiling their traitorous length for a deadly spring upon Fortress Monroe, and that rebel iron-clads are coming down the river; and if it be true that the Union forces to oppose the threatened assault are inferior to the forces that menace them, then by listening to your proposals I should deprive the band of heroes now under command of Gen. Dix, and steadily awaiting the storm, of the strength of hundreds of stout arms which would be nerved with the desperation of men fighting for liberty, and I should deprive this slandered race of the praise and of the education of their manhood to be acquired in a bold struggle for their dearest rights. Here Providence has given to them a chance to complete their emancipation from slavery by a victory over prejudice; and it is significant that if I do anything to deny them that chance, by the same act I may visibly injure the cause of the Union arms. I cannot bring myself to do anything to take away from the command under Gen. Dix this great *reserved force*, as I know you would find it if you would but use it. If you are attacked, let the blacks fight to preserve their freedom! They are needed. If anything could strengthen my previous opinions on this point, it would be just such facts as you narrate in your letter. If the negroes have wives and children to fight for in addition to their freedom, they will not show themselves insensible to the motives which have inspired all other races. It is one of their rights to strike for their dearest other rights, as all races have done. I should welcome every blow of theirs which might at once carry succor to a patriot, death to a traitor, confusion to their slanderers, renewed life to their own veins, and victory to our flag.

Contemplating, however, the possibility of their removal, permit me to say that the Northern States are, of all places, the worst possible to select for an asylum. These poor people, afloat upon the world, are inhabitants of a Southern climate, and have habits, and are subject to needs and to peculiarities of physical constitution accordingly. Where, then, is the prudence or the humanity of subjecting them at once to the rigors of our Northern sky, in the Winter season, with the moral certainty of inflicting extreme suffering, resulting probably in disease and death? If their removal is definitely determined upon, I would take the liberty of suggesting for the asylum, some Union foothold in the South—as Hilton Head—where they could retain their health, be trained as soldiers, and their labor be rendered economically available. For them to come here for encampment or asylum would be to come as paupers and sufferers into a strange land and a climate trying even to its habitues, as a swarm of homeless wanderers, migrating without purpose, and not to the wilderness where the strong arm would suffice for maintenance, but to a busy community where they would be incapable of self-help—a course certain to demoralize themselves and endanger others. Such an event would be a handle to all traitors and to all persons evily disposed. We should be told that the experiment had been tried and had failed; that the negroes were proved worthless and incapable of taking care of themselves, when the truth would be that we had pursued the plan most eminently calculated to disable and corrupt them. I meet with pleasure the motives of humanity which have dictated your proposed plan; but from the very same feelings I must consider the plan mistaken. It is precisely because I do not wish the negroes to suffer; precisely because I would save their wives and children from perishing; precisely because I do not wish their new freedom to become license, corruption and infamy, that I respectfully decline to aid or countenance your plan for their transportation to the North.

Inasmuch as the letter of Maj.-Gen. Dix is accompanied by a copy of a letter from the War Department granting permission to correspond concerning the plan proposed, I deem it incumbent upon me to state that I have, since receiving your letters, conferred with the Department upon this subject, and I am sure that there is not any difference of opinion between the Department and myself thereon; nor do I find there the existence of any such apprehensions regarding the safety of Gen. Dix's position as you seem to entertain.

I ought to add that, even were my views coincident with your own, I am, under the law, absolutely powerless, in my official capacity, to promote them.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
John A. Andrew,
Governor of Massachusetts.

Our columns are so much crowded that we cannot publish the whole of the correspondence which preceded the above letter. We give an abstract:

1. A note from Maj. Bolles to Gov. Andrew, dated Sept. 30, stating the purpose of his mission. Maj. Bolles says: "There are large numbers of 'contrabands' in the immediate vicinity of Fort Monroe whose prompt removal from that vicinity is very desirable, for reasons both military and humane." This note covers—
2. A letter from the War Department, Sept. 19, giving to Gen. Dix permission to enter into correspondence, and the authority to make arrangements with the Executives of the several Northern States for the purposes indicated.
3. A letter from Gen. Dix to Gov. Andrew, accrediting Maj. Bolles, and "earnestly pressing" the importance of immediately removing the contrabands.
4. A letter from Maj. Bolles to Gov. Andrew, Oct. 6, giving further details upon the matter, and saying that "their removal to a friendly and secure neighborhood is an imperative duty."

The whole correspondence is on file at the State House, and can be seen on application to the proper authorities.

AN OLD PLANTER'S OPINION.

Correspondence of The Times.

New Orleans, Oct. 28.

I met an old planter a day or two ago, who has lost nearly one hundred negroes by the present rebellion, who saluted me as follows: "Halloo ——, you Northern Yankees are making a d—d sight more noise about President Lincoln's proclamation than we Southerners are." The remark is most truthful, and shows, in the most painful light that the miserable truckling to the slave oligarchy by certain presses and persons of the North is chronic, and cannot be cured even by the horrors and sacrifices which have been entailed on the country by the present war. This sudden uprising of certain old political elements, which I thought if not dead, were at least paralyzed, is indeed disgusting, and but for my thorough conviction that the great mass of the people are sound, I should almost despair. I have yet to hear one word in the streets against the Emancipation proclamation from my Southern acquaintances. They all say to me—this is exactly what might have been expected; and more—so utterly disorganized have the slaves become, that the institution, under its old order, is forever destroyed and worthless, no matter what Mr. Lincoln or any one else may say on the subject.

I must confess that from this distance the pro-slavery howl that is going up at the North is one of the most humiliating things that could have occurred at this particular crisis; it has strengthened the hands of the rebellion more than would a hundred thousand troops added to those already under Lee at Richmond. What is the real foundation of this sudden *furore?* It is beyond a doubt latent treason, that is taking this course to give aid and comfort to the enemy. What do these people expect? We might as well vote to sustain their army and give them a powerful navy, as to vote to give them back intact their slavery institution. It is a military necessity that it shall sink before the progress of the rebellion, and we might as well at the North howl over the slain of the rebel armies as an unconstitutional loss, as to get up at this most unfortunate time slavery excitement. In the name of Heaven, will the time in this country never come when the great free States of the North will look after the interests of the white man; is there nothing good or beautiful but the miserable negro; nobody's rights to be respected but the owners of this precious humanity?

A MONTH OF THE PROCLAMATION.

From The N. Y. Times of Oct. 22d.

It is just one month since the issue of the Emancipation proclamation by the President. How stands it to-day? In view of the tremendous consequences involved in the final consummation, the inquiry is of moment. The time has been brief, but has sufficed to settle many mooted points. It has settled—

First—That the people of the loyal States were, in general, prepared to receive such a measure favorably. Though the suddenness of its appearance excited for a moment some misgiving that it might be inopportune, the public mind quickly came to a most positive conviction that it was all right in time, as well as in form and substance. This popular sentiment soon became so marked that the opponents of the Administration, though seeking material in all directions for an effective election canvass, have generally taken good care to avoid any direct issue upon this subject. After a few grave complaints and vulgar flings, they have left it for more available party capital. Sixty members of Congress have been chosen since the proclamation was issued, and the Democratic net gain in the entire number has been only three; in spite of the fact that in none of the elections, save Iowa, were the soldiers—numbering some three hundred thousand voters, four-fifths of whom are for the proclamation—allowed the suffrage. Were the single clean issue presented to-day to the people of the loyal States, whether or not the proclamation shall be revoked, and the old policy restored, it is morally certain that for every ballot saying *Yes*, there would be five saying No! The people of the North, as a body, have gladly accepted the measure, and they mean to maintain it. This the month has developed most plainly.

Second—It is settled that the people of the Border States will not be alienated by such a demonstration against slavery. The prediction was made with the utmost assurance, that these States would stand no such policy—that they would at once cast their fortunes with the Confederacy, and fight us to the death. Nothing of this kind has happened. The predictions have been utterly falsified. Kentucky, the very State upon which they were made most emphatically, was at the time of the issue of the proclamation almost entirely in possession of the rebels, and yet, instead of improving the opportunity to join hands with the Confederacy, it held true to the old flag, and is to-day more firm in its loyalty than at any time since the rebellion. The proclamation, though doubtless unwished for, has produced no serious disaffection in any of the Border States. It is already cheerfully acquiesced in, and, if we may judge by the outgivings of some of their most influential loyal men, will soon be heartily endorsed and zealously supported.

Third—It is settled that the army will not be offended by it. Prophecy had free play here, too. It was foretold that high officers would resign by the score—that whole regiments would throw down their arms—that the entire army would be demoralized and ruined. Not a single officer has resigned because of the proclamation; not a solitary act of insubordination has been shown; not even a complaining word has reached the public ear. On the contrary, all the evidence goes to prove that the army is decidedly in favor of this action of the President, and that, when the day comes for giving it practical enforcement, the army will do its part in the work with a will which no rebel can mistake. Our soldiers of all parties are disposed to judge of it, as they should, as a military measure, without regard to old party prejudices. The declaration of Gen. Prentiss, in his speech the other evening in Washington—than whom no soldier has had a better opportunity to judge—that "this proclamation will do more to crush out the rebellion than any battle that has been fought, or any other effort that has been made in any quarter for that purpose," is already the general, and will soon become the universal conviction of the army. The ill-boding on this score has been entirely delusive.

Fourth—It is settled that the blacks themselves will, in due time, be ready to do their part in giving practical effect to the proclamation. It was asserted that such a proclamation would prove a mere *brutum fulmen*—that the slaves would never hear of it, or even if they should, would give it no heed. It is made certain, from the fugitives who reach our army lines, that the slaves already know of it, and are excited about it. All evidence goes to show that in every part of the South the blacks have an intense desire for freedom. That fact established, the knowledge of the existence of such a proclamation of freedom could not but work excitement. This ferment has begun already, and must daily widen and deepen.

Fifth—It is settled that the rebel leaders themselves have a fear of the new policy. The proclamation was received in the rebel Congress with maledictions, and proposals for the most unheard-of forms of vengeance, which, it was finally voted, President Davis should be empowered to inflict at discretion. Measures have been taken, too, to withdraw all the slaves that can possibly be spared into the far interior. Most assuredly all this commotion could not have been made by a simple *brutum fulmen*. The rebels full well understand that this proclamation is no empty menace, no harmless bolt. They are quick to perceive its power of terrible damage, and are doing their best to deter us from driving it on, and to guard against it—so far as they can—should we persist. They themselves being the witnesses, we know, then, that the proclamation is beginning to strike home.

Sixth—Though the advices respecting the reception of the proclamation in Europe are yet too meagre to justify any decided judgment upon that point, yet the absence of denunciation in the comments of the London *Times*, which of all other sheets has hitherto been most denunciatory of our cause, is significant that a popular chord in Europe has been struck by our President in a style which even our worst enemies there feel bound to respect. Full intelligence will in all probability reveal that this proclamation of liberty has silenced all serious opposition to the National government, and forever dispelled all danger of foreign intervention.

Seventh—It seems to be settled that the rebels will not avail themselves of the hundred days' grace accorded by the President, and seasonably make their submission. Thus far there has not been the slightest movement in that direction. The reason is plain enough. The rebel leaders, who have the management of every organ of public opinion, and who exercise absolute sway over the affairs of the Confederacy, would gain no advantage from submission. They have staked their all on the Confederacy, and are ruined if it fails. Of course they will cleave to it to the last bitter extremity, and with iron power put down the very first attempt to weigh the alternative presented by President Lincoln. They have no alternative themselves, and mean that their people shall have none. If there were any hope that the people would, by some convulsive effort, turn upon the government, that hope has languished and become extinct. There is not the least indication of any such purpose. The grace is spurned, and the proclamation must, in its own prescribed time, take effect.

In all particulars, then, save this last, the proclamation has made an excellent beginning. We have no doubt that it will continue to justify itself more and more in the same respects up to the very day of its practical application. And when it is once fairly in operation, it will make, we believe, very quick work of the rebellion. With our army cordon stretched from the Chesapeake to the furthest frontier, with a strong foothold in every rebel State without exception, and with our gunboats penetrating the swollen rivers in all directions, the rebels will find it an absolute impossibility to prevent this proclamation of freedom from bringing to a speedy end the whole system through which alone they have been able to keep their rebellion alive thus far. Slavery in less than a month, from the first day of January, will be so utterly demoralized and broken up, that even the most obdurate rebel will admit that the last slave-grown crop has been raised, and that stark famine confronts the Confederacy.

A CURIOUS STATEMENT.

MR. BUCHANAN AND MR. SEWARD.

A friend writes us from Washington, under date of

"Tuesday, Nov. 4.

* * * "The controversy raised by the publication of Gen. Scott's letter in the Washington *Intelligencer* the other day is likely to lead to some interesting revelations by the exasperated "Old Public Functionary," who, it is known, has been for some time preparing a defence of his cowardly conduct, and means to whitewash himself if possible.

"He cannot persuade any one that he acted patriotically, or with decent ability, or that he was not the pliant tool of the traitors and conspirators with whom he surrounded himself. But it seems that he means to prove that other prominent men were no less cowardly nor more capable than he.

"Mr. Buchanan, it is said by persons who are likely to be well informed, asserts positively, for instance, that he consulted Mr. Seward *continually* during the last four months of his administration; and that he did not undertake anything in regard to the rebellious movement during those four months—from the time of Mr. Lincoln's election till his installation, that is to say—without previous full consultation with Mr. Seward, and only with the full approval of that gentleman.

"And that this is not mere gossip would seem certain from the fact that one of the most respectable citizens of Washington, one who had good opportunities for knowing the fact, assures his friends that he *knows*, and from both the parties—Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Seward—that it is true.

"If Mr. Buchanan will make this fact public, a large part of the odium resting hitherto on him will be carried to Mr. Seward, and justly, too; for it was an honorable act in the outgoing President thus to advise with him who was held then the leader of the party coming into power; and in acting only with Mr. Seward's consent, Mr. Buchanan did next to the best thing he could do under the circumstances—the best thing the weak and puling old man was capable of. But in that case what shall we think of Mr. Seward?"—*Evening Post.*

We print the above as a chapter of the history of the times, and to say that we do not believe a word of it. Why *should* Mr. Seward have volunteered to assume the heavy responsibility of counselling Mr. Buchanan in the critical circumstances in which his own recreancy had involved him! The retiring President had Cabinet posts enough that went begging; and he should either have invited Mr. Seward to accept one of them, or he should not have applied to that Senator for advice and guidance. Gov. Seward's good nature is proverbial; but self-respect must have compelled him to say to the President, "I cannot usurp the functions of those who are popularly regarded as your constitutional and responsible advisers. Apply for counsel to them."—*Tribune.*

NOTE FROM THURLOW WEED.

To the Editor of The New York Times.

We are just out of an election which should teach Republicans the necessity of union among ourselves, if it teaches nothing else. Why, then, should *The Evening Post* continue its attacks upon Gov. Seward? The letter of yesterday, charging that Mr. Buchanan consulted with Gov. Seward constantly and daily during the last four months of his Administration is a malicious calumny. There is not the slightest color of truth in it. During that four months Gov. Seward did not, on any occasion, counsel with, or even *speak* with Mr. Buchanan, upon the subject of secession or rebellion. T. W.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE PROCLAMATION.

Hon. George Lane was appointed by President Lincoln, within the past year, Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Alabama. He resides at Huntsville. A friend of ours recently travelled with the Judge from Cincinnati to Steubenville, and learned from him some interesting facts concerning the effect of the Emancipation proclamation upon the people of North Alabama. It will be remembered that that section of the State was the last to succumb to secession. Long after the State seceded, the mass of people there were loyal to the Union, and a Convention was held in that Congressional district, at which strong Union resolutions were passed.

Judge Lane states that the proclamation will not damp their ardor for the Union, but will be hailed with satisfaction. For himself, he said, "this was the first streak of daylight he had seen." He and two brothers owned three hundred slaves, and they intended at once to make them free, and employ them as hired laborers, and he believed that the slaveholders generally of that region would do the same. He was then on his way to Washington with his family, intending to put his children at school in Georgetown, D. C., and then immediately return. He said he should, as a Southern man, and from what he knew of the feelings of the people of the section where he resided, as well as from what the necessities of the case plainly demanded, urge the President to stand by the proclamation at all hazards, and execute it to the letter, notwithstanding the clamors of Northern sympathizers and the threats of Southern rebels.—*Presbyter.*

END OF THE COTTON FAMINE IN ENGLAND.

From The London Daily News, Oct. 6.

The day was sure to arrive when the general inability to believe in a supply of cotton from other sources than the American Cotton States must give way before the facts. That day seems to be near at hand. At the end of last week the cargoes from India began to arrive. Upwards of 10,000 bales from Bombay came in during three days, and the quantity from that port actually at sea and at Liverpool was found to be about 397,000 bales; so that Mr. Villiers, whose promises were held to be rash when he spoke of 400,000 bales, appears to be fully justified in the hopefulness of his tone. The next disclosure was, that we have a prospect of a supply, in 1863, of 1,630,000 out of the 4,000,000 which is the largest quantity desired at the ordinary rate of prices. This amount will be just double the quantity used per week for the last three months; and thus it would seem that the worst must be past. At the recent high prices, the weekly average taken by the trade has been 15,278, and the promised supply, independent of any change in American affairs will yield 31,346 bales per week. The sources of this supply are India, the Brazils, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Italy, chance cargoes from America, and "other sources." These "other sources" are credited with only 25,000. Considering that the West Indies are included under this head, it is reasonable to hope that the supply may turn out to have been underrated even for the coming season. The reports from Jamaica are in the highest degree encouraging, both as to the flourishing condition of the growing crop and the rapid increase of the area devoted to cotton. In Guiana and Demerara the proprietors are setting heartily to work to procure the requisite labor, which may probably be supplied from the United States. Agricultural machinery, of the highest order, has been sent out to Porto Rico, which is expected to supply a large quantity, not less than the produce of 2,000 acres, next year, and the quality of the West Indian cotton is declared to be

scarcely short [illegible] American. A ready we see that, as [illegible] we find ourselves under the pressure of being [illegible] our chosen reliance on the slave state [illegible] we shall [illegible] rational hope of an settlement in America which can restore the old state of affairs.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

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THE PRO-SLAVERY REACTION.

THE last ten days have been a decade full of history. Their issues can as yet be but faintly discerned, and the enemies and the friends of Civil Liberty draw diverse augnries from their events. The Democrats have reassumed the control of Northern politics, and Gen. McClellan has been relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac. The one fact may be taken as an offset to the other. One man the less in Virginia may disturb the balance which it has taken many thousand men to readjust according to the ideas of the Slave Democracy in the North and West. *May*, not *must*. That depends on the resolution of the President, the temper of the army, and the common-sense of the Northern people. Without this measure, the success of the rebellion had been perfect, and that briefly. Without attributing to Gen. McClellan the traitorous purposes which a large proportion of the Union men attribute to him, and which nearly all the Democrats believe him to hold, in which faith they magnify him above all other men, without this we conceive he has shown himself not equal to the emergency which is upon us. His talent for organizing an army is incontestable, and, probably, his capacity to resist an invading force is equal to that of any General in the field. But a very different quality is demanded to fit an officer to head a column of invasion. Gen. McClellan's genius for delay more than counterbalanced his theoretical perfection and scientific preparation for his profession. A very few days remain in which a forward movement is possible. Winter quarters, short of Richmond, is only another name for the triumph of the rebellion. Recognition by Europe, certainly, intervention, possibly, would be the consequence of such a delay. It may already be too late. The strange dilatoriness of the Commanding General, whether occasioned by strength of political predilections or weakness of military determination, may have had the effect which the Woods and the Brookses hope from it, and from which hope they have exalted him above all that the land contains of wise or brave. But let us thank God that there will at least be a struggle, or an attempt at one, before we surrender our nationality to domestic treason or foreign dictation.

It is not to be denied that the revelations of the recent elections have been of a most deplorable condition of the Northern mind. The worser part has prevailed in a way and to a degree which we had hardly deemed possible. That such men as Fernando Wood and his brother and James Brooks could be elected to Congress by any conceivable constituency, at this day, is evidence of a lamentable degree of rottenness in our state. It remains yet to be seen for how much more it stands than the bare record of the returns of the votes. That there should be enough voters of the quality that made those bad men legislators, and even that they should be concentrated in particular districts in numbers sufficient to produce this disgraceful result, is nothing strange. A great city like this, "the needy villains' general home," one which,

> "With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
> Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state,"

always has an immense mass of most "dangerous classes"—classes more dangerous than the class usually called such, because not under the *surveillance* of the police—and, where suffrage is all but universal, they will have their representatives. And, if these men are but the scum of the districts that have reflected themselves in their persons, the mischief is not much. The danger is that they will have an influence far transcending the degree which the inspiration of their constituencies would entitle them to. And the election of Horatio Seymour, instead of James S. Wadsworth, has a still more malignant aspect in this direction than that of his more infamous companions in politics. How much corruption of blood all this argues is yet to be seen. That all the men who voted for these candidates are as bad as the best of them is obviously impossible. No community could exist, if such were the fact. That their majorities were swelled by the suffrages of men who meant merely in giving them to rebuke the tardy prosecution of the war by the Republicans, is highly probable. Many others rallied to their ranks merely through the attraction of the old Democratic flag, which, though dragged through the dirt of many a campaign, so that Jefferson would never know it again, still looks to many eyes like the oriflamme of Freedom. And the fact that the vote of the army was not permitted to be taken, deprived the Republicans of at least a hundred thousand votes they would have had, had it been an ordinary occasion. The party of freedom and progress is, of necessity, mainly made up of the younger half of the voting class, and of this half a large proportion is in the field.

But, after making all deductions and allowances, the results of the late elections cannot be regarded as among the good signs of the times. The rebels, themselves, must be astonished to find how many friends they have, and may well wonder where they have been all along during the days of their distress. The unfavorable inference which forces itself upon the mind of every impartial observer of these elections is, that there is a great number at the North in sympathy with the rebels, secretly thus far, openly for the time to come. The inspiring idea of the Democratic predominance, in them all, was the safety of slavery at all events; by surrender, if the rebels will accept their submission, or by the recognition of their independence if they will not. The President's proclamation, doubtless, has had the effect to arouse and concentrate these allies of the slave-drivers. But they would have made a strong rally, at any rate, had no proclamation been put forth. This spirit has been nurtured by the whole course of our political history, up to the day of Mr. Lincoln's election, and it was only frightened into silence by the uprising of the great people a year and a half ago, not struck with the stillness of death. Besides the natural, or rather the cultivated, antipathy of the baser sort to the black man—of the baser sort in high life as well as low—the sweets of official reward have always been earned by running the errands of the slave-drivers—sometimes before they were sent, as Webster and Douglas found to their cost—and doing the dirtiest of their jobs. No other hope of regaining that paradise of salary seemed open to many of those veterans in political depravity but the restoration of the good old Slave Dynasty. And we can but lament to find that there are so many of that stripe, and so many more not ashamed to be found in their company. This fact we must boldly confront, and admit it to whatever extent truth demands the admission. The reaction was an inevitable one, one which does not surprise us by its occurrence, though it does by its apparent success. But we are far from taking counsel of despair under these disastrous circumstances. All the Democrats in the nation, were they doubled, cannot stay the course of events. If they could, the present war would never have been waged. Could these men have controlled events, Breckinridge would have sat in Lincoln's seat, and the Slave Power moulded by any sacrifice it could ask of principles or of men. There still remains this great minority in the North, which is barely defeated, and, still more, Jefferson Davis still lives in the South, whom they will find it hard to entreat to any coöperation with them that they would like. And in the field the two armies stand confronting each other, and they cannot be dispersed by the breath of any politicians in a moment.

One thing, we hold, looms up clearly in the distance. And that is, that the Nation can only be saved in its integrity by victory, and that victory can only be effectual through Emancipation. This we believe the President sees, and we infer it from his removal of Gen. McClellan. We are glad to learn that he has resolutely refused to listen to any advisers counselling the rescinding or modifying of his proclamation. But we are more assured of his determination by his courageous change in the command of the army of invasion. On the success of that army, mainly, depends the salvation of the country. Should it defeat the rebels and fight its way to Richmond before the Winter sets in, we are safe from foreign interference, and the operation of the proclamation will remove the occasion of the rebellion and crush it at the same time. Should it meet with a reverse, or be obliged to go into Winter quarters, we will not say that the country is ruined even then, but it is self-evident that its deliverance will be greatly complicated. That Gen. McClellan had not the ability, if he had the will, to do this, we think is proved by his whole history, since he took the field. The substitution of Gen. Burnside in his place, therefore, we look upon as a most hopeful sign of a determined purpose to put down the rebellion, without fear or favor, whether of traitors in the field or at home. The malignant influences of the pro-slavery reaction, just inaugurated, can only affect public policy, indirectly, as there is a year to intervene before the Woods and their accomplices will succeed to substantial power. And, long before a year is out, this contest must be virtually ended, in one way or the other. All depends on the firmness of the President, a quality in which we believe he is not suspected of being deficient, after he has fully made up his mind as to his right course. We believe that he will have a majority of the North to sustain him, notwithstanding the triumph of the opposition this month. All do not swear by the words of Fernando Wood, who call themselves Democrats. The great mass of Northern men desire the honorable unity of the nation. Energy and results will make the nation his party again, as the hope of them did last year. But it is a time when every lover of his country and of liberty should see to it that he is true to both by active and vigilant fidelity to the Head of the Nation in this hour of its greatest peril.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

WE have purchased our ransom from the despotism of slavery by sacrifice far more costly than the million of dollars which is daily offered. The tender affections of many homes have suffered the sudden wrench of agony, or the prolonged martyrdom of a hopeless suspense. The household kindliness which clung so fondly to persons must rise, as best it may, to cherish ideas or principles with which the loved ones were connected, and which some of them recognized as a noble exchange for hours of rankling misery and the bitterness of death. The universal law of gain through suffering has no exceptions for us. Many of our young men, leaving the common paths of life, which, at best, seemed to end but in an innocent respectability, were for one giddy moment transfigured before us, and then—perhaps the muffled drum and the Church ritual, perhaps the nameless six feet of Virginia swamp or mountain. If personal courage could have won our salvation, it had long ago blessed us. If the sacrifice of exalted enthusiasm, or the nobler sacrifice of enduring patience could have brought us peace, it were here to-day.

We would not think otherwise than justly of the unfinished lives whose energies work elsewhere. Who can help a half-guilty consciousness of satire when in the occasional sermon or friendly obituary our street acquaintances, troublesome Ned and impracticable Bob, become the heroic Edward and the patriot Robert? Yet, let it be remembered, the change wrought in these characters is often vital. For many young men, who are unable to solve the problem of life when presented in its grand proportions, become nobly effective in a limited career whose end is a physical result. It is an exquisite insight in Shakspeare—a touch so fine that it has escaped the commentators—when he hints that a young man, paralyzed in the conflict of duties and unable to summon mental power to any performance, was yet capable of vigorous fidelity in a situation where the activity demanded was of a defined and recognized character. He gives Hamlet a soldier's burial,

> "For he was likely, had he been put on,
> To have proved most royally."

And one of the most subtle of modern poems, the Maud of Tennyson, shows how a victim of intellectual selfism may be braced and developed by the battle-cry of a loyal people. It was not without reason that the divines of the early Church insisted upon the cultivation of Patriotism as a necessary expansion of Christian morals. Our young men of the present generation once knew too little of its reviving power. But where was it to be found in the sentimental exultings of a prosperous nationality, forced to ignore such ethical requisitions as even heathen wisdom was sufficient to declare? A redeeming love of country lay hidden in every soul; but it was ill solicited by the sounding brass of vulgar declamation, or the tinkling cymbals of plausible apology. But when words, debased from their true meaning, had become well nigh powerless, a way was opened for the patriotic instinct to assert itself in deeds. Then emotions at once became truer than what had passed for the understanding. And it is our hope to-day that those emotions are fast hardening into principles.

We speak thus as not ignorant of the sorts and conditions of men whose lives have been offered up. Many did not think to exchange the passion for success and reputation for the higher passion of unselfish patriotism. "I go into the army," exclaimed a young man of ambition and uncommon capacity when the cannons of Sumter first echoed in the North, "I go into the army; for I see we must become a military people, and there lies the road to advancement and influence." But the same young man, through a year of tedious service (which was also a year of political instruction) in the shock of battle, in the discipline of the camp, vindicated a claim to the highest honor that can attend a soldier's death. The names of Ellsworth and Winthrop, which, for a moment, were bright before all the North, have become representatives of many who were their peers in character and promise. In a few instances some slight memorial has borne the rumor of a vanished life beyond the circle of its associates. There was young Stearns of Amherst, in Massachusetts, of whom a little narrative by his father is of touching interest. In him the muscular spirit of the Puritan seems warmed to modern life. He bravely accepts the weapons of Mather and Edwards to wage that inward warfare, the old struggle between nature and faith, which is remitted to no true man; praying to be made sensible of his own utter sinfulness, he fights his way to peace through Calvin's rigid theology, goes down to the carnal conflict with a sublime inspiration, and, at twenty-one, enters life eternal from Newbern battle-field.

How many have followed him whose names may not be called from their sacred privacy! Some have passed to death through long suffering, soothed by no familiar hand. One such instance, painfully recent, is vivid before us. During a month of last Summer, and two months of this present Autumn, a New England officer has lingered at the Charlottesville Hospital. We speak of the late Lieut.-Col. JAMES SAVAGE of the 2d Massachusetts. He was a young man who joined a woman's delicacy to a manliness natural and robust—a happy warrior, who, at the beginning of this civil strife, understood the idea which it necessarily represented, and thereto could give his whole allegiance. He was one whose nature could never have been satisfied with any cheap and vulgar success; and only such success as all scales and measurements of earth are powerless to estimate was given him to know. His faithful service in the field culminated in an hour of burning energy at the Cedar Mountain battle, and then followed such protracted bitterness as can only reveal to itself all the depths and resources of a brave human soul. Colonel Savage exercised few of the qualities which command notoriety, even of a local sort. In the old days of peace the tender refinement of his voice and manner was ever in gentle contrast to the confidence and maturity of his convictions. One might have said he was doubtful of himself, but could never be doubtful of any principle which claimed him as its agent. If he wanted the pushing assurance of the "promising" American youth, it was because he seemed to demand a thoroughly unselfish inspiration to strike the level of any competitor. Listening eagerly to the hint of an available talent, most men are full of zeal to do the best for themselves; a few seem waiting for some work in which the whole moral nature can be concentrated. But he is a poor observer who does not often perceive in this questioning, half-protesting minority a wealth of latent earnestness for whatever of truth the untrammelled mind may finally recognize. And such a character, when at length it matures itself in some loyal duty, extends an influence to widely different orders of men—an influence of free, able movement to men of rude action, of form and color to the quiet and considerate. We are daily asking, each one of his neighbor, what shall be the result of these grievous days? But it is in no material change that the true end may be looked for. The empty warehouses shall one day be refilled, and the desolate Virginia fields again clothe themselves with the harvest. But the work these times have wrought upon the spirits of men, this is the only substance which remains forever. And it is our privilege to remember that to many of our best young men this national struggle has given finished and perfected characters. For thought, and the power of moral criticism, and personal purity of life are but the ever-changing outlines of character which some absorbing action must seize and fill. It is hard to think wisely of these things when, as in the instance to which allusion has been made, a noble nature of which the world had need has been painfully offered. Such a young man as JAMES SAVAGE, had he survived the war, would have been a high pledge of our national welfare. He had won the material basis from which his rare integrity of thought and life might well diffuse itself. He had gained the vantage ground of a rough experience, from which the world and its needs would have been clearer before him. In the years which might have been we think of him as the same high and harmonious character, newly endowed with a practical ability never to be spent upon secondary objects. But a higher teaching than we could have wished has been his portion, even that highest earthly instruction which ever culminates in sacrifice. And we know that the human power thus bitterly gained is as dear to God as the sum of all its possible effects, the bud as the flower, the seed as the ripened fruit.

What need to write the moral of such losses! Are we languidly gazing at a puppet-show of Fate? As the bustling present pushes the dearest of these memories into the back-ground of our thoughts, is there left with us no intense resolve? Ah, but the Constitution—these young men died for the Constitution! Well; not a jot or tittle of the old form need be touched, if, taking advantage of our opportunity, we fill it with the life which the fathers of the nation designed for it, and which therein truly belongs. It may be that many of our fallen brothers wrought better than they knew. He who acts with a devoted honesty often acts above the level of his present mind. But so far as these were true and faithful men, there was in them—under all superficial differences of opinion—an identity of manly feeling which calls upon us to see that they gained something worth dying for. And in their names we can demand no less than a FREE REPUBLIC. *

WILL THE PRESIDENT STAND FIRM?

MANY friends of freedom have been, if they are not now, in deep anxiety of mind, from a fear that the President, accepting the success of the Democratic party in the recent elections as a verdict of the people against the policy of emancipation, may recede from the purpose announced in his proclamation of Sept. 22d, and renew the foolish attempt to put down the rebellion while preserving its cause. Our own hope and belief, strengthened by the display of boldness in the removal of McClellan, is, that the Democracy, in openly arraying themselves in opposition to the Administration, have lost the power to control or modify its policy, and that the President, emancipated at last from the sinister influences by which he has been so long surrounded, and warned of the dangers that menace the country through Northern sympathy with the traitors, will plant himself firmly on the ground of eternal justice and seek to secure the unity of the country in the only practicable way, by carrying freedom from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf, and from the Ohio to the Rio Grande. He must now decide between the policy of his friends and that of his enemies, no middle course being possible; and we will not allow ourselves for one moment to believe that he will stultify himself and consign his name to infamy and his country to destruction at the dictation of Fernando Wood and his traitorous cohorts. If the Slave Democracy, instead of frightening the President from his propriety by their threats, shall find that they have cut themselves off from all chance of influencing his course, and only succeeded in confirming him in his policy of emancipation, they will have small reason for boasting over their triumphs at the polls.

Congress will convene in two weeks from next Monday, when the President in his annual message, will no doubt inform the country of his purpose in respect to the proclamation of Sept. 22. That he will stand by it, and give reasons for so doing that will satisfy a vast majority of the Northern people and rally them to a firm support of his policy, we have scarcely a doubt.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post* says:

"The President is hurrying day by day in writing his message. No one sees him after noon. Of one fact the people may be assured—the President in his forthcoming message stands firmly by his proclamation of Emancipation. A distinguished politician endeavored in vain to see him two consecutive days, and finally employed a friend to secure an interview. The President replied to that friend, 'I am too busy for the interview till after Congress meets. Besides, I have just what he wants of me.' (He here referred to the specific object, which was really to get Mr. Lincoln to recede from the proclamation.) The President continued: 'I shall not do anything of the kind, and why should I or he waste time or words over the subject?' This little incident, which occurred within a week, illustrates the feelings of the President upon this question, and it is pleasant to hear that there are many prominent Southern gentlemen who stand firmly by him in it."

The correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says:

"*The Star* announces formally that until after the meeting of Congress the President will not receive any visitors after 12 m. The secret of this announcement is that Mr. Lincoln is preparing his annual message to send into Congress. It is understood that he will dwell at considerable length upon the Emancipation proclamation, giving his reasons for issuing it and arguing the constitutionality of the act. Mr. Lincoln is writing his own message—let the gossips notice that fact—and does not call in the aid of anybody else, except it be to counsel. It is a crisis in the history of the war and rebellion when a truly great state paper might have a good effect abroad, and upon the people. For this reason, many people would be gratified if Mr. Lincoln would commit the business *this time* to Mr. Seward. No one can deny that the Secretary of State writes his state papers well—better as the world goes than Mr. Lincoln writes his. But it is doubtful if the common people would like Seward's writing as well as they do Mr. Lincoln's. The homely simplicity of his (the President's) style suits 'plain people,' and they follow his arguments as they would a book from the hand of one of the old English writers.

"The President is going to stand by his proclamation in the message he is writing, though a terrific pressure is brought to bear upon him by a few Border State men against it. Holt stands by it, so it is reported, certainly Robert Dale Owen does. Green Adams of Kentucky, third auditor of the treasury, is a warm supporter of the President's policy. He said the other day to Mr. Lincoln, 'I was honestly opposed to your policy of Emancipation—I did not like the proclamation—but I now think it has done more for Kentucky than a victory.' The President will not 'let down' his position on the slavery question—not a peg, in his message, though *The National Intelligencer* is trying to make the road easy. It intimates that he *can* do so with honor if he will. It need not trouble itself about the matter, for Mr. Lincoln has no disposition for such pusillanimity. He will stand by his position—be sure of that!"

To this we add a paragraph from the correspondence of *The Times*:

"There is great cause for encouragement in the fact that President Lincoln rightly interprets the results of the late elections as a condemnation of the hesitating policy which has controlled his management of the war. He is confirmed in this belief by assurances received from prominent members of the opposition of their readiness to sustain him in *any policy* looking to a speedy suppression of the rebellion. These promises, of course, come from thoroughly loyal Democrats, whose party ties have led them to endure the companionship of the Woods and their followers, for the purpose of keeping the Democratic organization from wholly falling into the hands of sympathizers with treason."

REMOVAL OF GEN. McCLELLAN.

ON Sunday last the whole country was startled by the announcement that the President had removed Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac and put Gen. Burnside in his place. Northern sympathizers with treason were disappointed and angry; but the great mass of loyal people were highly gratified by such an unmistakable illustration of the President's boldness and independence.

The order relieving Gen. McClellan is in the following words:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 5, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 182.—By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that Maj.-Gen. McClellan be relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac, and that Maj.-Gen. Burnside take the command of that army. By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND, Assist. Adj.-Gen.

The order was delivered at headquarters at eleven o'clock on Friday night by Gen. Buckingham, special messenger. It was entirely unexpected to all. On its receipt the command was immediately turned over to Gen. Burnside, who issued the following order:

"In accordance with General Order No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of the army, and by the full and hearty coöperation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success.

"Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feeling of respect and esteem for Gen. McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command.

"To the Ninth Army Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail. A. E. BURNSIDE, Maj.-Gen. Commanding."

The following farewell order was read to the troops composing the Army of the Potomac on Monday morning on dress parade:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR RECTORTOWN, Va., Nov. 7, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

An order of the President devolves upon Maj.-Gen. Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you, I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army, you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history.

The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist among men—unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen. U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Nov. 11, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. McClellan and personal staff left Warrenton at 11 to-day. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The troops, which had been drawn up in line, afterward broke ranks, when the soldiers crowded around him, and many eagerly called for a few parting words. He said in response, while on the platform of the railroad depot:

"I wish you to stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good bye."

To this there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response. The troops were also drawn up in line at Bristow Station and Manassas Junction, where salutes were fired, and where McClellan was complimented with enthusiastic cheers.

The party arrived here this afternoon just in time to take the 5 o'clock train of cars for Trenton. The cars being detained, owing to some impediment on the track, Gen. McClellan was recognized by the many soldiers quartered in that vicinity, when he was greeted with oft-repeated cheers.

Special Dispatch to The Tribune.

The dispatch published in a New York paper of this morning, purporting to come from Warrenton, which asserts that the wildest excitement has been caused there by the removal of Gen. McClellan, that officers and men denounce the order as an outrage to the army, that many have prepared their resignations, and that distinguished officers of rank assert that they will no longer serve unless the order be rescinded, is absurdly and wickedly false.

Civilians of wide opportunities for information, who arrived to-day from Gen. Burnside's army, confirm the statement of your correspondent with that army, to the effect that while some expressions of dissatisfaction are indulged in by a few petty officers, there is nothing approaching insubordination anywhere. As for that part of the story which imputes to "distinguished officers" mutinous expression of opinion, it is sufficient to say that since the battle of Antietam every commander of a corps in the Army of the Potomac, except Gen. Fitz John Porter, including even Gen. Franklin, has asked, or at least intimated a desire to be relieved from serving under Gen. McClellan.

Not a few commanders of divisions and brigades—almost every officer, indeed, of note—has made a similar application, or expressed a similar desire. This we assert upon indubitable authority. Gens. Hooker and Hunter, also, as is well known, have more than once openly declared their unwillingness to accept a command under Gen. McClellan. This want of confidence has been so great that, in the opinion of some men, whose names, did we feel at liberty to give them, would add great weight to their testimony, the only way to prevent the army from going to pieces was to remove its head. The accompanying dispatch in the same paper, dated Washington, which endeavors to create the impression that this city is in an inflammatory and mutinous condition of mind, is disproved by all the facts that have come to the eyes or ears of your correspondent. On the contrary, not a few of those whose indignation was anticipated sagaciously remark that the government has undoubtedly sufficient reasons for the course it has seen fit to pursue.

Correspondence of The Times.

RECTORTOWN, Va., Nov. 8.

The announcement of Gen. McClellan's removal occasions the most intense excitement among the troops. But we hear nothing of those one hundred thousand who were to lay down their arms. On the contrary, the news is received among the soldiers as the harbinger of victory. To see the effect, I made known the fact to a number of them collected at the depot this morning. "That's good news!" exclaimed one. "I am mighty glad to hear that," said another. "This war will soon be ended," chimed in a third. There was not, indeed, a dissenting voice among the whole number as to the propriety and necessity for such a change. The General's staff is, of course, uproarious, venting their spleen against the President, Gen. Halleck, and mankind in general. Gen. McClellan was very unfortunate in selecting his staff of officers. There were exceptions, to be sure, but, as a whole, there has been no body of men so universally unpopular in the army. Pretentious, overbearing, it has been almost impossible to penetrate through them to their General.

WARRENTON, Va., Nov. 9, 1862.

A few insisted upon it that the "Radicals"—a phantasmagoria that seems to haunt the brains of almost all admirers of the institution of slavery—had got the President by the nose again, and were using him to carry out their darling projects against the peculiar institution, known as African slavery; others "guessed" that it was because Gen. McClellan failed to prevent the rebel army from falling back to Gordonsville and Richmond. Still there was another class who believed that the retiring General was to be restored to his old position as Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in the field, and that Gen. Halleck was to be put into camp again.

Many expressed their regrets at the issuing of such an order just at this time, and a few reckless individuals, under the excitement of the moment, threatened to resign their commissions forthwith—as if they were serving Generals and not a country. But they will not resign, although some of them, possibly, could be well spared from the service. A certain class of officers, who look at everything from a political standpoint, predicted that it would make Gen. McClellan the next *Democratic* President of the United States. The subject was soon exhausted, and the officers, who had nothing better to do, canvassed the qualifications of the new incumbent, Gen. Burnside. The opinions were as various as the prejudices of the individuals who expressed them, but a majority of officers think that the choice of the President is a good one.

The reasons for Gen. McClellan's removal do not involve an impeachment of his loyalty, but only of his capacity for handling a large army efficiently. They are in part set forth in a letter from Gen. Halleck to the Secretary of War, for which we must refer the reader to other columns than ours. The Commission appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of Harper's Ferry censure Gen. McClellan in these words:

"The Commission has remarked freely on Colonel Miles, an old officer, who has been killed in the service of his country, and it cannot, from any motives of delicacy, refrain from censuring those in high command, when it thinks such censure deserved. The General-in-Chief (Gen. Halleck) has testified that Gen. McClellan, after having received orders to repel the enemy invading the State of Maryland, marched only six miles per day on an average, when pursuing this invading enemy. The General-in-Chief also testifies that in his opinion Gen. McClellan could and should have relieved and protected Harper's Ferry, and in this opinion the Commission fully concur."

It is stated that the President some time since addressed to Gen. McClellan a letter reviewing his military operations, and giving him important directions as to his future course. The Washington correspondent of *The Times* says:

"The President has read the letter to various parties, and it will no doubt be given to the public. It is a document which will elevate Mr. Lincoln in the esteem of all thoughtful men and will show conclusively that he has not been content with the nominal position of Commander-in-Chief, but has studied the great principles underlying the conduct of military affairs."

The Democratic journals, ignoring the grounds of Gen. McClellan's removal, treat him as a martyr to Abolitionism, and abuse the President in the most unscrupulous way. Some of them talk as if they meant to raise a rebellion against the government at the North. At a Democratic meeting, held in this city on Monday evening last, John Van Buren nominated Gen. McClellan as the Democratic candidate for President in 1864, and the nomination was received with uproarious applause by the followers of Wood, Rynders & Co. We don't think the General deserves such a fate.

FOUNTAINS OF PEACE.

A SERMON,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

November 9, 1862.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—*Isaiah xxvi, 3.*

How those words take hold on the imagination! Perfect peace! kept in perfect peace! a mind stayed on the loving will of the Eternal! Every word is a gospel. The sentence has about it the aromas of heaven. It contains every thought of shelter, quiet, rest, power, joy, safety from the storm, protection from the wind. No word so appeals to the heart as this word peace. It expresses what we long for, sigh for, pray for, as we long and sigh and pray for nothing else. The young man in his season of passion, in his tempest of ambition or love, says, "O that I could have peace!" The man in middle life, beaten about in the endless conflict, sits down tired and discouraged and nestles himself in dreams of peace. The old man, standing on the edge of the grave, draws his boat up in the quiet harbor and looks across the dark river to the land of peace. The scholar in his study, toiling at problems that grow harder the harder he works; the sufferer in the sick room; the weeper in the solitude of the bereaved house; the reformer, sick with hope long deferred, and with endeavor always baffled; the lonely, who are spiritual outcasts on the world; the guilty, torn with the grief of a troubled conscience, are all imploring for the same thing—*peace*. For peace men are willing to pay almost any price. There is a charm in it to silence argument, to hush debate, to pacify quarrel. When every other means of quieting strife fails, the expression, "For the sake of peace," will make combatants hang their heads. Justice will lay by her scales, Honor will fling down her sword, at this appeal. More potent spell there is none to lay the demon with. Speak the word peace, and the heavens seem to open, the dove descends, celestial voices are heard; people stand mute as in the presence of some sweet awe. Tender memories come stealing out of the past at the sound of it; spirits of the dead hover near; the relationships of life are lovely; hatreds, wrongs and fears are forgot; the heart softens and warms and scatters flowers of affection on all sides. No philosophical arguments for war can stand the fascinations of that word *peace*.

Now, what is this thing with the delicious name? What is this thing, the very lisping of whose title by the lips carries with it such a spell of enchantment? What is this thing which the weak sigh for, the strong struggle for, the unhappy pray for, the wicked hope for? I shall give you a very prosaic definition of it, but the prose of the definition will hardly touch the poetry of the experience.

Peace, to designate it briefly, is the state of mind which results from the perfect adjustment of man to his circumstances. All the unrest of man comes from the fact that he does not lie easily in his bed. Enceladus is not comfortable under his Ætna. We are hungry, cold, feeble, sick; our house is too small, or too large, or too something else; our society is not to our taste; we are not in sympathy with our relatives or friends; we have less to do than we wish we had, or more to do than we can; we are in a false position; the weight is unevenly distributed among our faculties; here there is too much friction on our minds, there too much rubbing against our feelings; our conscience cannot rest easy under the wrongs of society; our souls lose purchase on the order of the world and slip off into unbeliefs. The times are out of joint; there is no correspondence between the real and the ideal. All the turmoil and tribulation of the earth, the sorrow, the penitence, the contrition, the rebellion, the private and public war, come from this want of adjustment of man to his circumstances. The litanies of nations, the *eleisons* and *misereres*, priests, confessionals, doctrines and sacraments of atonement, all attest this unfitness of the mind to its condition. Revolutions in society attest the same thing. The world is somehow awry. It may be the little world of our body with its sensations, or the larger world of our home with its inmates, or the yet larger world of our social circle, the world of fashion or business, or the still larger world of the community we live in. It may be our State, our Nation, other States and Nations, England, France, Italy; it may be the whole existing order of things on earth; the entire condition of humanity; wider and wider yet, it may be the arrangements of the planet, the constitution and laws which regulate the globe; wider and wider yet, our world may be the world of Providence, the world of God, the universe, material and immaterial, embodied and disembodied, temporal and spiritual. No matter what it is; no matter whether it be larger or smaller; no matter whether it be the shell of matter by which our souls are protected here for a few years, or the boundless domain limited only by the thoughts that wander through eternity and the aspirations that touch the shores of the infinite; no matter how large or how small the world is, its adjustment to our minds results in peace; its non-adjustment to our minds results in the destruction of peace.

But then comes the question, How is peace ever to be attained? For this adjustment of the mind to its condition is in simple fact a thing impossible; it is a thing to be looked for only in the state which we know by the name of Heaven. For all these thousands of ages man has been trying to fit himself into his condition, and to how very moderate an extent he has succeeded in doing it! The whole history of his progress thus far is just a history of his turning and tossing, his stretching and struggling to lie comfortably in his bed, to walk easily in his clothes, to live decently in his house. It is a long story of unrest, and we are now only at the beginning of the story. Nobody is completely adjusted to his circumstances; nobody is perfectly fitted to his whole estate. Probably nobody ever has been, except in blessed moments, or more than blessed hours. Jesus seems to have been so for the greater part of his life, but there were moments when even *his* peace was broken. Lower souls have theirs broken in many places and very often; ordinary souls scarcely know what peace is in *any* relation. *All* times are out of joint with them; *all* spheres are awry; restlessness is the law of their existence, the law of disorder; their life in its lower aspects is fidget, in its higher aspects is fight. Since this is so, since peace is the adjustment of the *spirit* man to the world he lives in, and since this adjustment is to be effected only by painful experience in the indefinite lapse of the centuries, is not the promise of it now to any soul a delusion? Is peace a thing to be spoken of, or even to be dreamed of? Yet men *do* hope for it, do *speak* of it; nay, they more than hope for it; they expect it, they demand it, they claim it, they think that whatever else they may be deprived of, this they *can* and *should* have.

See now how they go about to get it. Peace is a good understanding between man and his circumstances. Very well. There are two ways of effecting this understanding, say men and women. The first is to break circumstances in to the soul; the second is to break the soul in to circumstances.

Break circumstances into the soul. Get money, ease, comfort, luxury, privilege; weed your lot of care and trouble. This is easier said than done. The world is full of stubborn facts. Care and trouble will not be weeded out with a garden hoe. You pull at them, and their roots go down into the centre of the globe. Thor, the hero of the Scandinavian mythology, tries to lift a cat; the back rises and rises, but the feet do not leave the ground. He pushes her back bone against the moon, still the paws cling to the soil. The cat is not a cat, but the earth-spirit. So the little facts of existence the incidents of the day, have their roots in the core of being; they are as they are, because they [illegible] to be so; they have *fallen* so by the order of events; they stand in their place by the sequence of nature; they lie in the series of Fate; they are connected with thousands of facts that existed before; they are interlinked with ten thousands of facts that exist now, and that are equally stubborn. Circumstances are modified very, very slowly in lapse of ages, and in degrees almost imperceptible. To get money, comfort, ease, privilege, friends, and other good things, takes a lifetime of unrest; and when you have them, you haven't them, for you want more. It is very well to talk about smoothing matters over on the surface. Talking will not smooth them, and nothing else will smooth them. Nor would there be any peace if they could be smoothed; for so long as the mind remains as it is, it will be perpetually cracking the crust, blowing its jets of flame through new vent-holes, terribly damaging and deranging your fine artificial order. Stop the war! Stop the war! cry the peace-makers of the day. Call a Convention, devise terms of compromise, make a treaty, come to some amicable settlement; let there be no more fighting; send the armies home to the farms; let us *make peace!* as if peace were a thing to be made, as you make a wood-shed! In the first place, it is not easy to see how you *can* stop the war; it somehow made itself, and somehow it must *finish* itself. Its end is likely to be as uncontrollable as its beginning. To have stopped the war, you must have stopped a great many things that went before the war. You should have begun by altering the course and direction of the national history; for the war comes by logical necessity from past events. But supposing that the war *could* be stopped, the banners furled, the arms laid down, the troops disbanded, commercial intercourse renewed, amity restored, the sore spots covered over with parchment, a due amount of diplomatic hand-shaking between North and South, formal pledges drawn up by the lawyer and solemnized by the priest, what then? would there be peace? Suppose the actual condition of matters changed completely from riot to rest, would there be *peace?* By no means. The war would be simply transferred from the *soil* of the country to the *soul* of the country; the fires would be banked up, not quenched, and suppressed fires are always the most dangerous. The people of Naples grow uneasy when Vesuvius ceases to blaze. So long as the mind of the country is as it is, no alteration in the *features* of the country will bring quiet. So long as the conscience of the country is as it is, the restoration of the old order, with the very best of guarantees, will avail nothing. So long as the people are dissatisfied with the state of their civilization, the fabric of their institutions, the cast of their social arrangements, the character of their industrial, commercial or moral relations, it will be absolutely of no use to vote their civilization perfect, their institutions admirable, their arrangements entirely satisfactory, their relations all that can be desired. They are no better adjusted to their condition than they were before. How can they be, seeing that it will be substantially the condition they rebelled against? The only condition they can adjust themselves to is a condition conformed to their wants; and that they are likely to get now only *through* the war, by *staving off* peace till it shall come in the natural way.

The effort to obtain peace by an artificial arrangement of circumstances is a delusion. Upon the arrangement of circumstances much less depends than we fancy. The most peaceful men have not been favored by a comfortable arrangement of circumstances. The most peaceful men have lived in circumstances the most gloomy. Take Paul—his life was one continued exposure to every kind of untoward fortune. He knew poverty, hunger, cold, loneliness, friendlessness. His career was a ceaseless toil and march. "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I have been in the deep; journeyings often, perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by countrymen, perils by heathen, perils in the city, perils in the wilderness, perils among false brethren; weariness and painfulness, frequent watchings, hunger and thirst, fasting, cold and nakedness. Besides all this daily care, the care of all the churches." Yet Paul, for the most part, was filled with a peace that passed all understanding; the benediction of peace is familiar on his lips. He knows how to be abased and how to be confident; how to be full and how to be hungry; how to abound and how to suffer need. Would he have been a gainer by altered circumstances? Would his life have been more tranquil, peaceful if it had been more comfortable? Would he have had more rest if he had had less labor? more content, if he had had less distraction? more quiet, if he had had less turmoil?

On the other hand take Byron. He was rich and noble; society opened to him all its doors of privilege; he was admired, flattered, courted, loved; he was handsome as only the favored few are handsome; he possessed a singular power of fascination; he was gifted with a peculiar and a bewitching genius; he ranked among the very foremost poets of his age; he had the ravished ear of the world; he was the spoiled darling of his generation, the envied, the idolized. But what existence so tortured as his? He was the incarnation of the spirit of unrest; he was the very genius of discontent; his verses overflowed with salt tears; his poems, melodious as the songs of angels, musical as Æolian harps, were steeped in scorn and unbelief; he made his generation ring with his cries of agony, and shudder with his awful glooms of despair. He was at war with destiny every hour; in his every attitude he put himself at sword's points with God. He mocked the very idea of peace, and had no words for his contempt or pity of those who pretended to have it.

Surely, then, peace is not to be gained by any artificial arrangement of circumstances. Man's *soul* being what it is, no conceivable disposition of his lot will help him to rest. We come, then, to the second method of gaining peace. The first method was to break in circumstances, the second is to break in the soul. A very favorite method this. Take things as they are and suppress the feeling that rises against them. Are you out of sorts with society? become a hermit. Is your peace disturbed by doubt? stop thinking. Are you suffering from unrequited affections? cease loving. Are you made unhappy by the ills and wrongs of humanity? put the ills and wrongs of humanity out of your mind. Is your heart bereft of quiet by the loss of friends whom death has taken away? fill the empty places with toys; bid memory sleep; try to forget, seek distraction, dissipate, cover the sore place with rose leaves. It is the inevitable; if you cannot face it, if you cannot dodge it, or creep round it, cauterize the place it rubs. Have friends deserted you? forswear friendship; turn bitter or sour; cease to care about men and women; be a cynic, be a misanthrope, [illegible] your ties that bind you to your kind, and save yourself all further rending of the heart-strings by [illegible] having any heart-strings to rend. Are you tortured by remorse of conscience for duties undone or sins committed? Are you haunted by bitter memories of the past, by dreadful fears of the future? Are you [illegible] at ease because you are not satisfied with the way you discharge your trusts? Drug your conscience, stupefy it, put out its light; turn fatalist, sensualist, worldling—anything that will quickest rid you of your moral sense; flout your responsibility; throw the blame of your conduct on your ancestors; charge your crimes on circumstances; deny the law of retribution—anything, only get rid of conscience. Are you fallen out of commerce with God? Are you troubled because your spiritual desires are unsatisfied, because your aspirations wander about the upper spheres and find no [illegible]? Are you disquieted because your prayers are unanswered, and the world all the time goes against the grain of your worship? Clip the wings of aspiration then; pour cold water on your desires; do not [illegible] any more; conclude that your dreams are wild, your enthusiasm is folly, that your glorious visions are distempered dreams, that your splendid hopes are merest drivel. Give me your soul, says the priest. I will save you the trouble of taking care of it. Give me your conscience; I will make it keep quiet enough in my confessional, under lock and key. Don't worry yourself about your sorrows and sins, or the sorrows and sins of humanity; I will look out for that, quoth the Church; I will promise you peace. It is the popular way—kill his soul, and the man will be well at peace. There will be a perfect accord then between him and his circumstances. All circumstances are about alike to the dead.

There is a set of peace-mongers who are anxious to try *this* method on the country. It is conscience, they tell us, that has disturbed the peace of the nation; too

much conscience, too much New Testament, too much Golden Rule, too much sensitiveness to the moral character of institutions, too much restlessness under wrong, too much faith in the rights of humanity. "Thou art he that troubleth Israel," quoth Ahab to Elijah. So the prophet must flee to his cavern and starve. Conscience must be quenched. But if Ahab hungers for the prophet's life, the birds of the air will feed him; the prophet will not die; conscience will not be killed. The one absolutely irrepressible thing is the moral sense. You cannot put out its flame with all the water of the deep, nor dry up its living water with all the flames of hell. Burn the prophet to ashes, the ashes preserve the embers alive.

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wiclef's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as their waters be."

The Pope's bull against the comet is supernal wisdom by the side of this decree against conscience.

But suppose you *could* put out the soul, with her resolves, her aspirations, her hopes, her earnest purposes, longings and prayers; suppose you could make men cease to feel wrong, what sort of peace would it be? Is paralysis peace? Is the grave peace? Is that deserving the name of peace which demands the extinction of the primal elements of human nature? Is that deserving the name of peace which cannot be had except at the expense of man's highest dignity—nay, of the only thing which gives man his prerogative above the beast? Impossible; nobody seriously means that. Nobody would tolerate the idea of it for an instant. They who seem to countenance it do not know what they mean. They probably think that the seat of the soul is the stomach, and have some faint notion that in filling the stomach they are filling the soul.

Away, then, with these two methods of obtaining peace. Away with the method which would force facts into an unnatural correspondence with feeling; away with the method which would force feeling into an unnatural correspondence with facts. Both methods are delusive, and it is useless, worse than useless, to waste thought and strength upon them.

Man and his circumstances must both be accepted as stubborn facts. Allowance must be made for them as such. Neither can be pushed aside, broken down, or covered up. We must make up our minds that both are to continue substantially unchanged. Peace, then, is impossible? No, indeed. But why not, if it consists in the adjustment of man to his condition, and if such adjustment cannot be brought about except in the long course of ages, except in the dreamy epoch of the Millenium? How is any man to get peace *now*, *he* being as he is, *things* being as they are? Actual unrest, actual destruction or loss of peace, more or less complete, being everywhere, actual warfare going on everywhere between man and his destiny? the whole creation groaning and travailing in pain, and they who have the first fruits of the spirit groaning within themselves, waiting for the adoption? How is the adjustment of man to his condition to be brought about? I answer—by the *spirit*. I would say *by faith*, if that word *faith* had any real meaning to the popular mind; but when one talks of doing things by *faith*, he is understood to use the pious mode of saying they are not to be done at all. This adjustment I speak of, this reconciliation, may be effected *ideally*, when it cannot be *actually*; it may be effected in the *mind*, when it cannot be in *history*; it may exist as a state of inward experience, when it cannot exist as a state of outward experiment. For all *practical* purposes, and they are the only purposes worth considering, one may live *as if* the concurrence between man and his condition was complete. And thus one may so live. These are the fountains of peace:

1. The assurance that things are as they are by *cause*—in other words, that events come in the order of nature, by the will of God; that nothing walks with aimless feet. Be not alarmed; I am not about to take refuge in the mythical idea of a special providence. This belief in Providence has been so abused that one hates to deal with it at all. It has come to this, that honest men think you are looking for a loop-hole to get out of when you speak of Providence; speak of the "Ancient of Days," they feel insulted, as if you were referring them to an "old gentleman behind the stars." No, no. God is too much for our statistics. When I speak of the actual condition of things, of the actual facts of life, the actual facts of to-day as providential, I mean simply that they stand where they do because they could not *but* stand there; they exist by the constitution of the world; they refer back to facts on facts without number, every one of which must have been otherwise, in order that this should have been otherwise. They are links in the steel chain of history. It was nobody's doing; it was the unfathomable, unfollowable logic of history. It was in the regular working out of the sum of the universe that such figures as you and I are set just where we are set, and are made to count for precisely so much. But this, you tell me with pale face and white lips, this, you tell me, is Fate. Yes, that is what men always say when Providence becomes too large to keep pace with them walking through life. So long as God is a *person* like themselves, whom they can talk with, walk with, eat with, advise with, closet with, chat with familiarly about time and eternity, they call him God; but when, pushing up the lid of their teapot, he rises to his infinite proportions, and fills the world with a presence that has no outline; when his features become continents, his eyes constellations, his breath the air that fills the interstellar spaces, his speech the inarticulate harmonies of the spheres, his word the hieroglyphics of the universe; when his movement becomes so large that only one or two of his visible foot-tracks can be seen in the history of a race, and his acts of volition flash upon us in the laws that govern the development of planets, and regulate the rising and setting of suns, and his separate thoughts require centuries on centuries for their unfolding; when God becomes infinite, spheral, eternal, distancing thought, imagination, worship; when he becomes *more* and *more* God, then he is not called God any more—then he is called Fate. Very well; give me the larger God, and call him what you please. I call him FATHER. The vaster he is, the more I am at home with him; the more unfathomable he is, the more faithful my reliance; the more comprehensive and exact, and inflexible and stupendous he is in the scale of his operations, the deeper my peace as one subject to them and involved in them. If I thought that anybody could have prevented that which is and caused it not to have been; if I could detect the slightest crack by which chance could have thrust in a finger, the ground of my repose would tremble under my feet. But, assured as I am that at this hour the world could not have been further advanced than it is; assured that as the autumnal leaves take their tints by a power as inevitable as it is mysterious, and as beautiful as it is inevitable, so the hues which lie on each one's lot, that stain the fortunes of communities, that spread their crimson dies over the condition of states and nations, start out under the action of a divine chemistry, the key to whose laboratory no mortal ever held or will hold; assured as I am that as the autumnal leaf drops to the ground not before nor behind its moment, but just *at* its moment, and melts into the soil precisely as it does, because so it was decreed from the time when each tree bore seed after its kind, so the leaves on the tree of humanity drop to the ground, wrenched from the twig by the fierce blast, rotted from it by corruption, or gently let fall, withered, dry and weak, because so it was ordained from the beginning; when man was placed on the earth and told to subdue it; assured as I am of this, I can rest in things as they are; I can say it is good, it is best for the hour. My mind is stayed on the Eternal. It is because it must have been, and the "must have been" is the evolution of the perfect will. To me this is the inexpressible consolation. When I would be impatient, or quarrelsome, or fretful, this assurance, like an angel, places one hand in benediction on my head, and with the other tenderly shuts my impious mouth. I am quiet beneath the all-covering heavens.

2. The second fountain of peace is the immortal hope. By this I do not mean the hope of a personal immortality in another world. I mean the hope of immortal expansion and progress in *this* world. I mean the hope of the immortal Future. It is this hope that gives movement to Destiny, and makes us thrill with the presence of the Living God. It is this that changes the world from a stone into a flower. Circumstances are not stationary, events are not fixtures, facts *flow*. We look backward, and see that things *move*—see that they move *forward*—that they move from bad to good, from good to better, from better to best. Nothing *stops* them; everything helps them on; the most determined resistance becomes the friendliest of aid. Kings, conquerors, slayers, man-stealers only drive the race onward with their iron whips, or make the road softer to its feet with their spilt blood, or frighten it into quicker motion by their horrid specters. War-cries turn to hosannas; yells of rage change into murmurings of praise; curses fall back on the heads of those that utter them; winds of passion are messengers shouting, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"; flaming fires of the pit are ministers, consuming the stubble that litters his track; the victory of Evil pricks Virtue on to a new assault. I look *forward*, and in fancy breathe an air purer for the tempest. I cannot be anxious for to-morrow, not knowing what a day may bring forth; but knowing well that it *can* bring forth nothing that will not be so much better than any wish of mine, that my best wish grows dark in its glory. What will work out the best results for my children's children cannot but be best for me now. In this assurance, I see with tearless eye a Wood sent to Congress, and a Mitchel sent to the grave. The seat in Congress may be a pillory; the grave may be a shrine. With this assurance, I see with an untrembling heart the departure of the pale volunteers for the battle-field, leaving at home the brooding storm-clouds of treason, glowering in high places. The volunteers go where treason may be struck to the heart, and where emancipators are made by the thousand. The storm-clouds may discharge themselves at last on the heads of those that raised them.

3. Finally, I mention the fountain of *Duty*. There is no peace without work. Even in a world administered as this is by higher powers, there is no peace except to those who work hand in hand with those powers. Only the living find God alive. Men complain of Mr. Seward's optimism, of his rose-colored view of the times, his jaunty confidence that all goes for the best. Well, optimism without earnestness is a poor shift enough. A best possible system without the best possible men; all things going for the best, and men excused from *doing their* best; a God working in history and idle in hearts; of all miserable fetches that is most miserable. The best system supposes the best men. We are part of the system, and fellow-workers in it. We have our part to do in the grand task of creation. In doing that part, whatever it may be, we adjust ourselves to our time and fill our place. Just as every star in the fields of space is necessary to distribute the reflected splendors of the sun, so is every shining soul necessary to transmit the light of the Spirit. Just as every little flower that blooms lends a needed fragrance to the air which envelopes the earth, so every blossoming heart lends its own indispensable aroma to the moral atmosphere we all inhale. Nothing so fits us into our sphere and lot as duty. It is the great reconciler of man to his condition; it is the great answerer of the soul's questions; it is the divine stiller of the soul's complaints. Act, and you shall understand; act, and you shall be patient; act, and you shall be consoled. Turn your little crank, and you shall be filled with the joy of those who work with the Almighty. Even when knitting socks for soldiers, women feel the electric currents of the time play through their needles, and many a woman, tending on sick volunteers in a hospital, finds a peace that fills her hitherto unhappy lot. I truly believe that at this very hour, the heart of the country is more at peace than it has been for a generation. I very believe there is more peace in the minds of our people, more peace in their homes, more peace in their social circles, even when those homes are desolate and those circles are broken; more peace in the hearts of men and women, of young men and maidens, than there has been for a generation. It is because they are working, suffering in consent with the spirit of the age. They are no longer resting supine under evil; they are struggling to throw it off. If the alabaster boxes of their hearts are broken, they have at least the deep satisfaction of knowing that the spikenard is poured on the feet of the Christ.

Up, then, heart! Stay yourself on the assurance of this beautiful necessity—this sublime movement—this living will. *Ora et labora*—trust and toil. Wait and work. He works who trustfully waits; he waits who nobly works. The hope of the waiting shall not fail if he waits on the Lord, for he at least moves with him, his head leaning on his bosom. The hope of the worker shall not fail, if he is a fellow-worker with God.

"We know not, Lord, what storms and trials strong
Must work our world's new birth;
But we will toil, with this for working song:
Peace to the weary earth!
Peace to the weary, struggling, sin-sick earth!
Peace to the heart of man!
Storm shall bring calm; that high reward is worth
All we must bear or can."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1862.

YOUR correspondent was not a little amused yesterday morning to find the following precious bit of information in his morning paper (a Baltimore daily, served before breakfast to Washington subscribers) under the telegraphic head:

"*Washington, Nov. 7.*—The Agent of the Associated Press inquired at the State Department to-day about the current statement of Mr. Seward having been consulted by Mr. Buchanan in the closing period of his Administration. Also about startling hostile announcements having been made by M. Mercier to the Secretary of State, and about protracted and adjourned and anxious meetings of the Cabinet, involving serious military and Cabinet changes. The Secretary simply replied to the inquiry that the alleged consultations between himself and Mr. Buchanan were imaginary. The reported propositions of M. Mercier were apochryphal, and the alleged Cabinet meetings fabulous."

Did any one ever see a finer specimen of the simple, the unsophisticated, the verdant? The "Agent of the Associated Press," having heard that somebody had accused Mr. Seward of a guilty intimacy with Buchanan, calls upon him and asks: "Mr. Seward, *is it true* that you connived with the traitorous Buchanan for a compromise in the closing days of his Administration?" Did any one ever hear of such a question asked seriously? Mr. Seward, doubtless amused by the audacity of the question, strokes his chin and replies, "Certainly not, my honest friend—the conferences alluded to were purely imaginary." Then the "Agent of the Associated Press" goes on further. "Mr. Seward, please tell me whether Count Mercier, the French Minister, has made any 'hostile announcements' of late. I am in want of an item for the papers, and would like a secret from the State Department." "Oh no," again answers Mr. Seward, "there is not a word of truth in the story."

Mr. Seward is not the bird to be caught with chaff. Doubtless his statements were true, but if the newspaper charges were true, is he the man to tell the world *that they are true*, and give the world the secret history of the efforts to avert civil war, and the exact condition of our foreign relations?

The gossip published in a New York journal respecting Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Seward may be mere gossip, but its publication in one of our journals here excited comment and set some people to thinking of the past. And those who were in Washington in the Winter of 1860–61 will recollect that in January and February Mr. Seward had the reputation of being a compromiser. It was then charged upon him that he was much more friendly to Mr. Douglas than to Mr. Fessenden and others of the Republican Congressmen. After Mr. Lincoln came into power, everything went on for a month as before. The South Carolina Commissioners were here, and through the influence of Mr. Seward they continued their visit. They afterwards openly charged Mr. Seward with cheating them, with holding out inducements for them to stay, while he never had any intention of treating with them. The simple truth is, that Mr. Seward then believed he could save the country from a civil war, and still preserve the Union. He thought that the rebellion would speedily die out, and he therefore took every conceivable method to keep things as they were. Rebels walked the streets of Washington as openly in the month of March as they did in the month of February; yet in one month James Buchanan was President, and in the next Abraham Lincoln was at the head of national affairs. Men forget that until Sumter was fired on the whole North, government and people, slumbered on the edge of a volcano. Then, too, about the consultations with Mr. Seward, a friend here tells me that Mr. Seward *was* consulted, but not *formally*, by Mr. Buchanan. He states that Mr. Holt and Mr. Stanton, both of whom were in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet during the last months of the Buchanan Administration, were in the habit of consulting Mr. Seward, sometimes two or three times a week, upon the condition of affairs, and that Mr. Buchanan learned of what passed at these meetings and approved of them. Moreover, he says that Mr. Seward distinctly approved of the truce made by Mr. Buchanan with the South Carolina authorities. It may turn out after all that the statement in *The Evening Post* was absolutely true in its essentials, though there were misstatements of unimportant facts. Mr. Seward meant well—we see now he did not do very well in the month of March. The do-nothing drifting policy of the Administration in that month cost us hundreds of millions and many thousands of lives. So, too, with Buchanan's lack of patriotism and courage—unless, indeed, we shall all of us come to the conclusion by and bye that it would have been better to have let the South go. In that case we might admit that Mr. Buchanan's policy was wise, though he himself was a pro-slavery coward. It is scarcely within the bounds of possibility, however, that such a time will ever be. The rebellion *must* be crushed, or ruin is before us.

Everybody has his homily to preach over the elections. "The Abolitionists are condemned!" say one class of critics. With them there is now an end to the emancipation policy. They are quite confident that Mr. Lincoln will at once back down from his proclamation and take advice from Fernando Wood! Another class cry out for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, and charge that the elections were lost through the stupidity of the Administration. *They* cry, "The Administration is condemned!" I believe they are not very far out of the way. If Mr. Lincoln only had the moral courage to take his own course, or any course, and stand by it through thick and thin—if Mr. Seward had been a man of pluck instead of cunning, the elections would have gone well enough. The people were tired out. And well they might be. Look at the situation *honestly*, laying aside our foolish boasting, and answer if you can anything to encourage the people. How near are we to an end of the war? *Is* the South "exhausted"? That is the favorite word now, as "bagged" used to be. Where are the signs of exhaustion in rebeldom? The only hope is in the proclamation, and even that may fail. A proclamation must be backed up with vigorous bayonets. Suppose you have only the proclamation, and no generalship—can we hope to win?

Not being in the habit of lying for the sake of reporting the condition of the country delightful, I cannot deny that the situation is almost frightful. Yet there is hope—there is a chance. I hear on very good authority that the President is firm, that he is not intimidated by the apparent successes of the Democrats. If this be true, all may yet be well. If he will push on his Generals, will insist upon vigorous work in the field, and stand by the proclamation, he can intimidate Fernando Wood and his fellows. It is now a struggle between the Woods and this Administration, and if the Administration does not act more vigorously than it has done the last six months, it will go to the wall and the Woods will triumph.

The Republicans of Washington are much discouraged. It were idle to deny it. They dread Democratic rule, and well they may. It is not a pleasant thing to live in Washington with the Democrats. Thank God! there is still no prospect that the Democrats can again ally themselves to the rebels of the South. The rebels spurn the alliance. And if they, the Democrats, *will* have peace, they must take separation with it, and the moment the political alliance with the South is broken forever, pro-slavery won't pay at the North.

Some of the *quid-nuncs* will have it that great Cabinet changes are at hand—that Mr. Lincoln means to put more live men into his Cabinet, and more live Generals into the field. I do not credit these sensation rumors. It is not like the President to make great changes. He is a very slow and cautious man. Besides, if he were to make a change, there would instantly be a quarrel over the character of the proposed demonstration upon the people. *The Herald* and its friends demand that he shall take in pro-slavery men. The anti-slavery people ask for men who believe more earnestly in the Emancipation proclamation.

McClellan is removed! This is a great step, and I wonder that the President dared to take it. That is, in view of the past and his well-known caution, it is surprising to me that he took so bold a step. As it is, we have three Major-Generals at home, doing nothing—Fremont, Clay and McClellan. If the President means henceforth "to put the foot down firmly," it is a good omen.
AVON.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., WARNER JUSTICE, in the 54th year of his age.

A veteran has fallen; a good man has disappeared from our midst. A truer friend of freedom than Warner Justice there could not be; a more upright and honorable man is nowhere to be found. Though not very far advanced in years, he was yet one of our "old" Abolitionists. He took the field at the opening of the contest, and continued faithful to the last. With a modest appreciation of his own abilities he shrunk from all conspicuous places; nevertheless he was a man of clear mind and sound judgment, and well qualified, had he been so disposed, to take a directing part in matters that interested him. He preferred, however, to follow rather than to lead; but he did not follow afar off, neither did he deny the truth when it was dangerous to confess it.

Born and bred in the Society of Friends, he maintained faithfully the "testimonies" of that sect as he understood them; at the same time he was no sectarian; nor did he, in the common meaning of the phrase, "make a profession of religion." His belief was, that "a tree is known by its fruits," and to this belief he conformed his action. Lip religion was an offense to him; the discrepancies between men's professions and their practice were a constant vexation to his honest spirit.

He was a man of big heart and generous affections. He made warm friends, between whom and himself the ties of attachment grew stronger and stronger. His departure will make a sad gap in the fond circle that surrounded him. Still it is not to be mourned as a misfortune. The death of a good man—one who has fulfilled his mission and is ripe for the change—is not a calamity. It is in the order of nature, and is only beneficent.
M.

FRUITS OF ANTI-SLAVERY LABOR.—In looking over the returns of the election in Massachusetts we observe that the towns which gave the strongest Republican vote are precisely those in which the Garrisonian Abolitionists have done the most work; while those where in the slave Democracy is still strong are the very ones in which the Abolitionists, for one reason or another, have done comparatively little. It is not too much to say that Massachusetts stands firmly and intelligently by the President now in his policy of Emancipation, because there the Abolition movement has done its most perfect work; while New Jersey has gone overwhelmingly for the Democrats, because there the Abolitionists have labored comparatively little. In New York the Republicans are defeated, because here the anti-slavery movement has not been sufficiently extensive and powerful. But the votes cast in the town where Gerrit Smith resides afford a striking illustration of the effects of a moral agitation of the slavery question. The town (Smithfield, Madison Co.) gave Wadsworth 244 votes to 32 for Seymour. The township has sent a full company of Anti-Slavery volunteers to the war. It gave Lincoln 242 to 50 for Fusion in 1860. If one half the money expended by the Republicans of New York to carry the election this year had been contributed by them, any time within the last ten years, to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to keep up the moral agitation, New York would stand to-day with Massachusetts, unequivocally for emancipation.

THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP.—The Albany *Atlas and Argus* states that the Democrats have a clear majority of *one* in the State Assembly, and that they are therefore "certain of a conservative Senator for the next term." It also copies from an exchange the following paragraph of a letter from Washington:

"Speculation is also rife as to who will replace Preston King in the Senate, providing the Democratic majority in the Legislature is secured. It is thought here that the choice will fall on John Van Buren, though there are many who hope that Charles O'Conor may represent the great State of New York in the trying crisis the country is now passing through."

The Atlas and Argus is a little too fast in its calculations. It evidently labors under the impression that the Assembly *alone* elects a Senator, whereas the Senate and Assembly each nominate a candidate and then meet to compare nominations. If they agree, the person nominated is declared elected; if not, they proceed to elect a Senator by *joint ballot*. As the Republicans have a clear majority of *ten* in the Senate, we do not quite see how that is to be overcome by the Democratic majority of *one* in the Assembly. Perhaps *The Atlas and Argus* can explain the process.—*Times*.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

From The Tribune.

THE XXXVIII Congress will have a legal existence from and after the 4th of March next, but its first regular session does not commence till the first Monday in December, 1863; and it can only be convened prior to that time by an official call from the President. Speculations as to its partisan character are manifestly premature, since no one can tell what States will be represented in it, nor what may be the nature of the issues on which it will be divided. We do not even absolutely know that the disintegrating process begun by South Carolina and continued by the Democratic politicians of the slave States may not be still further pushed, in accordance with the recommendations of Vallandigham and Fernando Wood, until three or four hostile and powerless Confederations shall have supplanted the glorious Union of our fathers. The triumph of the slaveholding rebels would be the opening of a new era of anarchy and chaos, whereof no men foresee the end. For the present, we only know that the States which have already elected members to the next House have chosen as follows:

States.	Administration.	Opposition.	Doubtful.
Maine	4	1	—
Massachusetts	10	—	—
New York	14	17	—
New Jersey	1	4	—
Pennsylvania	12	12	—
Delaware	—	1	—
Ohio	5	14	—
Indiana	4	7	—
Illinois	5	9	—
Michigan	5	1	—
Iowa	6	—	—
Wisconsin	3	2	1
Minnesota	2	—	—
Missouri	4	1	4
Kansas	1	—	—
Oregon	1	—	—
Total, so far	77	69	5

Col. Rollins of Missouri and three other unqualified Unionists are placed by several of our contemporaries in the opposition column, or vaunted "Conservatives," when they have not even a name in common with our Democratic wire-workers. They are simply for the Union unconditionally, and will be for a *free* Union so soon as the truth that we shall have a free Union or none is made plain to them.

—As to the members yet to be chosen, we feel sure that New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut—electing in all twelve members—will send more friends than opponents of the Administration. Maryland will probably do likewise. There remain, then, West Virginia, choosing three members, Kentucky and what odds and ends may meantime be picked up around the borders of the rebel States.

And here the indications already afforded by the votes of slave States become important. Delaware—though she cast her electoral vote for Breckinridge and gave Lincoln but a fourth of her popular suffrages—has just chosen an Administration Governor by 111 and missed electing an Administration Member of Congress by barely 23 votes. We miss the Legislature simply and only because half of the free population of the State reside in the County of Newcastle, while the two slaveholding Counties of Kent and Sussex, with but half the aggregate of voters, elect two-thirds of the Legislature. A change of two dozen votes in Sussex would have given us an Anti-slavery Legislature and an Administration United States Senator for six years ensuing, instead of Jeff. Davis's personal friend and sympathizer, James A. Bayard. The late election in Delaware was at the worst a drawn battle, though the sympathizers, with their usual luck this year, managed to secure much the larger share of "the spoils." It will not always be so.

Missouri, there seems to be no doubt, has elected four Emancipationists to Congress, with an Anti-Slavery Legislature, Nothing like this ever before occurred in the State; and we are doubtless indebted for the rapid advance in public sentiment to the guerilla raids and ravages of Porter, Quantrell & Co. Kentucky needs about one more horse-stealing raid of Bragg, John Morgan & Co. across her soil to render her as loyal and freedom-loving as Massachusetts. By next August, she too will probably be ready to declare for Emancipation and elect to Congress accordingly.* And so, we trust, will Tennessee and Louisiana, and we do not despair even of Eastern Virginia. If Stonewall Jackson will only invade and harry Southern Maryland, he will do the Union cause a signal service.

We borrow no trouble as to the political complexion of the next Congress. If the rebels shall meantime be smashed, the Administration will be well sustained in either House. If we shall have no country left next Autumn, what do want of a Congress? In that case, let us sell Ben. Wood the Capitol for a grand central lottery office, and rent out the White House to the Richmond nigger-traders who forced Virginia out of the Union for a general auction and commission business in their line. Is Jeff. Davis to triumph, whether in the field or through a compromise, we shall know it before another Winter, and a Democratic preponderance in Congress will then accord with the fitness of things in general. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The Evening Post gives the following tabular exhibit of the probable political complexion of the next U. S. Senate, as affected by the elections of 1862:

States.	Present Incumbents.	Politics.	Successors.
California	M. W. Latham	Democrat	Union.
Connecticut	James Dixon	Union	J. Dixon, Union.
Delaware	J. A. Bayard	Democrat	Democrat.
Indiana	J. A. Wright	Union	Democrat.
Maine	L. M. Morrill	Union	Union.
Maryland	Rev. Johnson	Union	Doubtful.
Massachusetts	Chas. Sumner	Union	Union.
Michigan	Z. Chandler	Union	Union.
Minnesota	H. M. Rice	Democrat	Union.
Missouri	J. B. Henderson	Union	Union.
New Jersey	J. R. Thomson	Democrat	Democrat.
New York	Preston King	Union	Union.
Ohio	B. F. Wade	Union	Union.
Pennsylvania	D. Wilmot	Union	Doubtful.
Rhode Island	S. G. Arnold	Union	W. Sprague, Un.
Tennessee	A. Johnson	Union	No successor.
Vermont	S. Foot	Union	S. Foot, Union.
Virginia	W. T. Willey	Union	Union.
Wisconsin	J. R. Doolittle	Union	Union.

The number of Administration men going out is 14; Opposition, 5. Of those to enter on their terms in March from those States will be—13 Administration, 2 doubtful, and 3 Opposition. Tennessee will not choose a Senator.

The complexion of the next Senate will therefore, probably, be as follows: Administration, 38; Opposition. 10

The New York Assembly is pretty certainly Union. Instead of Luther S. Dutcher, Dem., in the 1st District of Dutchess County, John B. Dutcher, Union, is elected. This makes the figures 65 Union to 63 Democrats—and at least one of the latter will probably vote with the Unionists on organization.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

THE great event of the week is the removal of Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the appointment of Gen. Burnside to the same place.

Our latest advices from the army of the Potomac lead us to the belief that a portion of the rebel army is still in the Shenandoah Valley—exactly where is not yet ascertained. The forces under Stonewall Jackson and A. P. Hill, are said to be there—those under Longstreet and other commanders at Culpepper, having been thrown forward to prevent our army from getting between the main body of the rebel army and Richmond. Lee is also said to be now at Culpepper, where he has his headquarters.

It was reported from Manassas Junction, on the 9th, that a considerable portion of Sigel's Corps had moved from their late position in front along the line of the Manassas Railroad to attend especially to the possible movements of Jackson, who is believed to be still in the valley. Gen. Sickels was on the way to Rappahannock Station with sufficient infantry and artillery to hold the important bridge there, with the assistance of Bayard's Cavalry, who have had it in possession uninjured, though requiring strengthening to bear our immense army trains.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* dated Baltimore, Nov. 10, says: From the most reliable secession sources here, who have relatives in the South, I learn that Jeff. Davis reviewed Gen. Lee's rebel army, eighty thousand strong, at Winchester, ten days ago. All were in new uniforms, and the officers were even dressed out with white kid gloves. The same informants are confident that Lee's whole army has escaped to Gordonsville.

An order has been issued from the War Department relative to the finding of the military commission in the case of the Harper's Ferry surrender. Col. Ford, by this order, is dismissed from the service, as is also Major Beard, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Infantry—the regiment stated to have behaved badly. Brig.-Gen. Julius White is fully exonerated from all blame, as are also all the subordinate officers. The Commission is dissolved.

It is said that Gen. Hunter will resume command of the Southern Department, now that Gen. Mitchel is dead.

There had been no assault on Nashville up to Friday evening, 7th inst. On Wednesday night (5th inst.) the rebel pickets on the Murfreesboro, McMinnville and Franklin Pikes commenced skirmishing, and a rebel force, supposed to be Morgan's, made a dash on the new railroad bridge north of Nashville, but were repulsed. The National loss in the various skirmishes was one killed, thirteen wounded, and three missing. McCook's advance reached Nashville on the afternoon of the 6th, and no doubt saved the city from attack. A special dispatch informs us that Gen. Rosencranz and Staff arrived at Nashville on Monday night. The enemy is said to be still in considerable force at Murfreesboro; but they are retreating as rapidly as possible beyond the Tennessee River.

Beauregard undoubtedly expects that Charleston is to be immediately attacked by our forces. He has allowed non-combatants to leave the city with their movable property. All slaves are also to be removed.

Gen. Hooker has been assigned to the command of the Army Corps, recently under command of Gen. Fitz John Porter, who has been ordered to Washington to stand his trial on charges preferred by Gen. Pope.

Fredericksburg is again in possession of our forces. Sixty of Bayard's Cavalry made a dash into the place on Monday, captured forty rebels and two baggage waggons loaded with cloth for the rebel army, and drove out eight companies of the rebels.

The Enemy Dismayed by the Proclamation.

We have Richmond papers to the 8th inclusive. The proclamation—that bit of waste paper, as they would have us believe—is troubling the enemy terribly. They anticipate a crusade against their seaports, the capture of the cities, the perfection of the blockade, and the free circulation of the proclamation in the densely populated slave district. *The Examiner* says: "These calamities threatened in the capture of our ports are grave enough. One graver, however, and more terrible than all these, is to come if the enemy can get a hold in the cotton States, for putting into operation there his emancipation scheme. Great efforts will naturally be made to keep this pet measure of the Abolitionists from falling to the ground, and to see that the wrath which Mr. Lincoln has bottled for the 1st of January does not go into a harmless fizzle of soda powder. So far in the war the enemy's scheme of servile insurrection has proved a ridiculous failure. The attempt is now to put it into operation where we are least defended, to try the poison at the heart of the South."

Kansas Negro Regiment in a Battle.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Conservative* has a letter from the headquarters of the First Regiment Kansas Colored Volunteers, on the Osage river, in Bates Co., Mo., dated Oct. 30, from which we copy the following account of an engagement with the enemy, in which the black soldiers displayed their bravery:

"A detachment of seventy men from the Southern battalion (Col. Seaman's), and one hundred and sixty from Col. Williams's, the latter under Capt. R. G. Ward, Company B; the entire detachment under Col. Seaman, who acted under instructions from Maj. Henning, arrived at this point on Tuesday afternoon, having left Fort Lincoln late on Monday. The enemy's scouts were seen in force when we arrived at this point, the residence of an infamous guerilla named Toothman, whose son is now a prisoner at Fort Lincoln. We were aiming to clean out a rendezvous near here, on what is known as the Island, a long, marshy tract of land, lying in the Osage, which has been the resort of the Jackman and Cockerill bushwackers. We found the latter in force, with a splendidly mounted and armed body, variously estimated at from 400 to 800 men. The probability is that the first-named was the correct estimate, but since our arrival he has been reënforced till his command numbers over 600. We encamped within Toothman's yard, throwing up a rail barricade and raising a flag. We named the place 'Fort Africa.' Sending back for cavalry and for the balance of the regiment, we skirmished two days. Yesterday morning our skirmishers shot two scouts. After dinner, the enemy succeeded in drawing out a small detachment and cutting it off from our main body. A sharp engagement ensued, in the attempt to rescue our detachment. We lost eight men killed and ten wounded. Capt. Crew, Company A, 1st Reg. Kansas Colored Volunteers, formerly of the Mansion House, was killed. Lieut. Joseph Gardner was severely wounded, but will be well within a week or two. The enemy report fifteen killed this morning, and must have as many more wounded.

"It is useless to talk any more of negro courage. The men fought like tigers, each and every one of them, and the main difficulty was to hold them well in hand.

"We have just received reënforcements, and have intelligence of a guerilla force that renders a movement necessary. We have the guerillas hemmed in, and will clean them and this County out. Saddle and mount is the word. These are the boys to clean out the Bushwhackers.

The editor of *The Conservative* says: "Lieut. Joseph Lyon arrived here on Sunday with the body of Capt. Crew. He was in the engagement and fully confirms the report of our correspondent. Capt. Crew had a wound through the heart and one through the groin and died instantly. His watch, which was stolen from him on the field, was afterwards found on the body of a bushwhacker, undoubtedly the man who had killed Capt. Crew, and whose own death, at the hands of a negro, was another instance of speedy and retributive justice. Lieut. Lyon says Missouri guerillas have the highest respect for black valor."

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

RETURNING FUGITIVE SLAVES BY THE ARMY.—After the formal promulgation of the article of war, adopted by Congress, forbidding the return of fugitive slaves by the army, we [Janesville *Gazette and Free Press*] supposed the question had been definitely settled, and that we should hear no more of this disgraceful practice. It appears, however, that is not the case, and that attempts are yet made to force Northern troops to take part in this degrading service. The experiment has been tried upon Col. Utley, of the 22d Wisconsin regiment, and those who know the Colonel need not be informed that he refused to obey the order.

The editor of the Monroe *Sentinel*, writing from the regiment, gives the following account of the circumstances connected with this attempt to compel a Wisconsin Colonel to violate one of the articles of war. It appears that Col. Utley received the following order from his brigade commander in Kentucky:

"JONES', Oct. 13, 1862.

"COLONEL: You will at once send to my headquarters the four contrabands, 'John,' 'Abe,' 'George' and 'Dock,' known to belong to good, loyal citizens.

"They are in your regiment, or were this morning.
"Your obedient servant,
"Q. A. GILLMORE, Brigadier-General.

"To Col. WM. L. UTLEY, Commander 22d Wisconsin Volunteers."

To this, Col. Utley sent the following reply:

"HEADQUARTERS 22D REG. WIS. VOLS.,
October 18, 1862.

"GEN. Q. A. GILLMORE—*Dear Sir:* I have just received your order to deliver up certain contrabands said to be in my regiment. Permit me to say that I recognize your authority to command me in all matters pertaining to the military, and movements of the army, but I do not look upon this as belonging to that department. I recognize no authority on the subject of delivering up contrabands save that of the President of the United States. You are, no doubt, conversant with his proclamation, dated Sept. 22d, 1862, and the law of Congress on that subject. In conclusion I would say that I have had nothing to do with said contrabands coming into camp, and I shall have nothing to do with sending them out.

"Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
"WM. L. UTLEY."

Three of the negroes named therein belonged to a man by the name of Hogan, on whose farm we camped, and at whose house the General established his headquarters during our stay. *We know*, and all the Union men in the vicinity know him to be a rebel—know that he furnished their army aid when they were here, and that before we came he openly and constantly avowed himself to be such. Had it not been for the noble stand taken by Col. Utley, our camp would have been overrun with ferocious-looking fiends hunting for fugitive slaves. The General sent for our Colonel and told him that he would be compelled to put him under arrest if he persisted in his refusal to obey his order. "Very well, General," replied Col. Utley; "you will find that you will have to arrest every commissioned officer in the regiment, and further, that I shall have the attention of the Secretary of War called to your conduct in this matter."

A KENTUCKY COLONEL DISOBEYING ORDERS.—Colonel McHenry, of the Seventeenth Kentucky regiment, has issued the following order concerning fugitive slaves:

"HEADQUARTERS 17TH REG. KENTUCKY VOLS.,
In the Field, near Newmarket, Ky.,
October 27, 1862.

"SPECIAL ORDER.—All negroes, not slaves or free men, will hereafter not be allowed in this regiment, and all officers and soldiers are forbidden from employing any other than slaves or negroes known to be free.

"All fugitive slaves are hereby ordered to leave this regiment within two weeks from this time.

"*Any fugitive slave within the limits of this regiment will be delivered to his owner or agent appointed, upon application, whether the owner be loyal or a rebel.*

"By command of John H. McHenry, Jr., Colonel Seventeenth Regt. Kentucky Vols.

"[Official.]

"GEORGE W. GIST, First Lieutenant and Adjutant."

This act of Col. McHenry is in direct violation of the "Additional Article of War," approved March 13, 1862, and reaffirmed in the President's Emancipation proclamation. It reads as follows:

"All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due; and any officer who shall be found guilty, by a court-martial, of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service."

Col. McHenry is, therefore, liable to arrest and trial by court-martial, and upon conviction to be dismissed from the service of the United States.—*Eve. Post.*

STAMPEDE OF "PROPERTY" IN TENNESSEE.—The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Bolivar, Tennessee, Oct. 25, says:

"There is a regular stampede among the 'property' in the La Grange and Grand Junction sections of country. *Stock*holders in the 'Divine' institution are attempting to transfer their shares to safer banks than the banks of Davis's Creek and Wolf River. The institution is on the 'rampage'; it refuses to be transferred, and we have, at this post alone, a diurnal influx of about thirty thousand dollars worth. We have men in full vigor, able-bodied boys; we have matronly looking women, young women, and women still younger—girls, boys, and picaninnies. They come in gangs, in squads, and singly. They come in the morning, they come at noon, and at all hours of the day. Men escape here, and seeing how the land lies, they obtain a pass out of the lines, and, under cover of the friendly night, spirit away their life-partners, sweet-hearts, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters—spirit away whole plantations in a single night-time. They may come in half famished, but they seldom come in half-naked. A single man may have upon his head a bundle large enough to start a rag-picker's establishment and a very respectable Jew's second-hand clothing store! It is really surprising, what bundles the creatures will carry on top of their heads. They are as good an army appendage as a jack-mule! I have seen mere boys, here in camp, and women, by no means of muscular appearance, 'tote' three mess kettles of water for half a mile, without stopping to rest. One of the kettles, containing six gallons of water, is placed upon the head. Every thing is carried on the head that can be placed there. I have seen boys, not more than eight or ten years of age, sauntering through camp with fifty pounds weight upon their heads. They will carry a bucket of water, full to the brim, and never spill a gill of it. They never keep its balance with the hand. I have seen men bundle rails together with ropes and bring them a hundred rods for our morning fires—on their heads of course. As a class, they are inclined to be—not indolent, but slow. They are willing, good-natured, obedient, honest and always cheerful. Some of the boys who have been longest in camp are a little spoiled by teasing and too much familiarity; but were I going to hire men here for field hands, I should find no trouble in procuring a plenty who would do a good honest, fair day's work. And, besides all this, they are faithful. I have never known an instance in our regiment of a servant going away without leave—of neglecting a duty; stealing a farthing's worth; or telling a willful lie! They run away from their masters, not so much because they are faithless, nor yet so much because they want their freedom; but because they have a horror of going to Missouri or Arkansas. They have always been used to being frightened out of disobedience or indolence by threats of being sold into these same States; and they run off to avoid the very buggaboo their masters hung up to frighten them with!"

THE SLAVES SUPERIOR TO THE WHITES.—The Missouri soldiers who were taken prisoners by the rebels at Shiloh, and who, after enduring untold hardships and sufferings, were recently paroled, declare that negroes were the only people they met who seemed to possess human characteristics, charity, sympathy or kindness. "Why," said one, "the blacks there are vastly superior to the whites as humans or Christians. Enslaved and despised by those of our color—the enemies of their race—I was unprepared to find emotions of tenderness and humanity for us in our sufferings and wants warming in their hearts. But it was so; and now I am prepared to advocate, or fight for the emancipation of every slave on the continent."—*Cor. Mo. Dem.*

THE FIRST LOUISIANA COLORED REGIMENT.—*New Orleans, Oct. 24.*—On Thursday evening, by invitation, I visited the camp of the First Louisiana colored regiment, which is now at the Louisiana race-track. Lieut.-Col. Kinsman was appointed by Gen. Butler to make what might be termed an informal inspection, to see what the regiment wanted before it was moved over the river to enter upon active duty. By some unforeseen accident the Colonel of the regiment had neglected to inform the officers of the expected visit of Col. Kinsman, and the result was, that he found its members in the usual disorder that precedes the regular evening parade. A few moments only elapsed, however, before the men were in line, then broke into columns of companies and went through inspection. There were ten companies on the ground, numbering ninety-six men each, and on the whole, their conduct could not have been better; in fact, I have seen older white regiments, with more regimental drills, that are not their equal. One thing was very perceptible, there was a uniformity of height that surprised me. I do not believe there was an inch difference between the entire regiment; if there was, the drill sergeant had concealed it by the happy arrangement of the men. I spoke to each officer as the inspection proceeded; several were, to all superficial appearance, white men, fairly formed, and soldierly in appearance; one of the Captains was evidently of unmixed African blood; in fact, the diversity of color among the men and officers was about the same as characterized the Mexican soldiers I saw in Mexico, except that these native Louisianians are taller and better made men. In a few days these soldiers will take up their position in Algiers, to guard, I believe, a line of the railway. In common with the country at large, I take a great deal of interest in this experiment of colored men for soldiers. Already it ceases to attract attention in our streets to see the privates and officers passing to and fro, and I have never heard that any of them have been the victims of offensive demonstration on the part of the vulgar whites—the educated people here or elsewhere never make such demonstrations. In this connection I should say that the city cars here, as in New York, have certain ones appropriated to colored people. These specialities are designated by a star. Recently, a formal decision of the Court here established rendered these distinctions nugatory, and in New Orleans respectable black men and white men, if they behave themselves, ride together. We hope this fact will not cause a commotion on the Sixth Avenue Railway of Gotham, nor make the mules that draw those vehicles along bray with indignation.—*Times.*

DRIVEN BACK.—The New Albany (Ia.) *Ledger* says that a number of runaway negroes lately arrived on the banks of the Ohio, below this city, opposite where a regiment of Indiana soldiers were stationed. The negroes stated that they were runaway slaves, and wanted to get into Indiana. The Hoosier soldiers informed them that if they attempted to cross the river they would fire upon them; that their object in going to war was not to make Indiana an asylum for negroes. The slaves skedaddled back into Kentucky.—*Louisville Democrat.*

THE WORK OF NEGROES.—The great fort at Helena, Ark., just completed, under the direction of Capt. Hokie, an accomplished German officer, was created by the labor of the contrabands. It has been named Fort Curtis, and is said to be a perfect Gibraltar.

GEN. BUELL ATTEMPTING TO RETURN A SLAVE.—A short time before he was suspended, Gen. Buell issued a written order to a Colonel to return to slavery a negro who had by timely information preserved the regiment which that officer commanded, from destruction. The Federal Colonel wrote on the back of the order, "Go to h—!" and returned it to Buell. He was not court-martialed for his disrespectful language, nor was the slave given up.—*Eve. Post.*

SHIP ISLAND CONTRABANDS.—The "contrabands" continue to come into our lines; certainly I have many of them here, and have procured good places for many more on ships of war and merchantmen. I have four as my own servants, and found them ready, intelligent, capable and useful. One of them was house servant to a wealthy widow; he helps my cook, has the sole care of my table, and waits at it with a grace and readiness that I have never seen excelled. He is a yellow "boy," say twenty-five years old. I have another as black as ebony, upright in his carriage, finely formed, and lithe as a leopard. He came from Mobile by land, to Biloxi, twelve miles from here; there got a little "dugout," about ten feet long (a canoe made of a log hollowed only large enough for one person). In the night he put off, and in the fresh breeze was overset twice in the dark. He lost his oars, and after a long struggle succeeded in getting the water out of his canoe and paddling with his hands. In the morning he was seen two or three miles from the shore, and a boat was seen to pick him up. When he came he had nothing on but shirt and pants—no hat nor shoes. All were lost, and he was thoroughly drenched and weary. He had been for a long time in the rebel army, and was at the battle of Corinth. An Englishman, Scotchman or American striving in such fashion for liberty would be a hero; but he is only a nigger, and deserves only a 'walloping.'—*Neal Dow.*

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—*Newbern, N. C., Oct. 24.*—Notwithstanding the conviction of his Excellency Gov. Stanley that it is inexpedient to teach the African to read, since knowledge is by no means necessary to his salvation, and unfits him for the condition of servitude, and notwithstanding the summary termination of Mr. Colyer's schools in the early Spring, there is still one school here now, where sable-skinned children are learning their a, b, abs. There may be others, but this is the only one I know in the town for either blacks or whites. And this is kept in a barn by an old and crippled negro, who in one way and another has picked up a little knowledge of letters, and seeks to eke out a living by teaching what he can to others. When I stopped at the door a few days since, there were about forty colored children present, endeavoring to get some insight into the mysteries of the alphabet. This fact is worthy of mention only as showing the eagerness of many of the negroes to learn. It is hoped no "conservative" gentleman will be at all disturbed by the announcement. Let them be quieted by the assurance that it is highly improbable that many of them will soon be equalled or surpassed in the race for knowledge and power by any ebony son of genius.

What knowledge the blacks in this department have of the President's proclamation of emancipation, it is hard to say. My impression is, that they have little. The few to whom I have spoken of it had heard something about it, but were entirely uncertain what to believe. Asking one woman, who acts as laundress to several officers, if she had heard of the President's proclamation, I was told that she had heard something about it. What have you heard? "I've heard he's made a fool of hisself; that all de folks is a laughin' at him." Who have you heard say this? "My old Missus." And you believe it? "Dunno, sir; dunno what to b'lieve." Do you want I should tell you just what it is? "O yes, I does." The proclamation is, that the slaves of masters who are in rebellion on the first day of January next shall be free. Staring at me for a moment, as if to measure somewhat the meaning of my words, she exclaimed, "Is dat it?" That's it. "Pray de Lord, den, dey may all continue in rebellion till after de fust day of January. Tank yer, tank yer; now I knows just what it is. Bress de Lord for dat." Do any say "amen" to this colored woman's prayer, feeling that the rebellion never can be ended till slavery is destroyed? Whether they do or not, from present appearances her petition seems quite likely to be granted. For, notwithstanding Gen. Burnside's reported prediction that the war will be over by Christmas, I can but think that it will require a campaign more vigorous and successful than any of our late ones to bring it by that time to any other than a most "lame and impotent conclusion."—*Boston Traveller.*

DIED.

CRANE.—In Wilmot, N. H., on Thursday, Nov. 6, of paralysis of the heart, JERUSHA, wife of Charles F. Crane, and daughter of the late Ziba Johnson, of Peacham, Vt., aged 33 years.

Advertisements.

WANTED.—Permanently, a first-rate Tin and Sheet-iron Worker, at first-rate pay. Inquire at WM. STILL'S Stove-Warehouse, 107 North Fifth st., Philadelphia.
N.B. A communication will receive prompt attention.

"AMONG THE PINES; OR, SOUTH IN SECESSION TIME." By EDMUND KIRKE. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents in paper; 75 cents in muslin.

Miscellaneous Department.

THOU ART MY GOD.—Isaiah xxv. 1.

[The beautiful lines which follow, though not written for THE STANDARD, are original. A friend permits us to publish them.]

THOU art my God! my soul desires no other;
  For whom have I in heaven or earth but Thee?
Thou art my God! and every man a brother,
  Whom I must love, because *Thou lovest me.*

Thou art my God! my path is smooth and even,
  If in Thy love alone I hope and trust;
Thou art my God! and I may enter heaven
  On earth, by seeking to be true and just!

Thou art my God! Thou'rt with me in all places,
  And to Thy loving arm my soul will cling!
Thou art my God! the tears from off all faces
  Thy hand will wipe, and rob Death of his sting.

Thou art my God! when storms and tempests gather,
  Thou art my shield, lest on my head they fall!
Thou art *our* God! the universal Father!
  Whom *all* must love because *Thou lovest all.*

Thou art our God! Thy love must surely win us
  From sin's alluring and destructive ways!
Thou art our God! "Thy kingdom is within us,"
  Thine be the Glory, endless love and praise!

PROGRESS OF FREEDOM IN NEW ORLEANS.

Correspondence of The Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct., 1862.

THERE has recently been started a paper here called *L'Union.* It has a large circulation among certain of the creole population, and is liberally patronized by the *people of mixed blood.* My attention has been called to it by several persons. Some were surprised that such a sheet should be published in New Orleans; others again were horrified. I must confess I read some articles in its columns with astonishment. To give you an idea of the contents, I send you literal translations of two contributions. They speak for themselves. The first is a contribution dated Oct. 1, 1862.

To the Chief Editor of L'Union.

SIR: As you purpose to publish in this city, in the French language, a progressive journal, and make an appeal—which you may be sure will be responded to with alacrity—to all those who desire to see the cause of the rights of man triumph in the South, allow me to inform you of the fierce tempest of indignation which broke forth among the enemies of this noble cause here, over the wise and noble proclamation of Maj.-Gen. Butler, which calls to the service of the United States, on an equality with the other soldiers of the Union, the citizens of color of this Department.

When prudence obliges these enemies to conceal their rage against this official publication, they are obliged to be restrained when they speak of those who form part of the numerous companies that are organizing at this moment under the said proclamation.

According to the vociferations of these worthy supporters of the most wicked of causes, the gallows is too mild a punishment for those whom they call traitors and perjurers—they who have put themselves into a state of rebellion against a government under which they enjoyed all the benefits on earth, and who have trampled under their sacrilegious feet the wise Constitution which they had sworn to maintain. But their puerile threats, instead of frightening those against whom they are directed, only serve to augment the number of Union soldiers at New Orleans.

They find it strange that men whom they held curbed under their tyrannic laws for so long a time should attempt to raise their head to inhale with full breast the, though still feeble, breeze of liberty and of justice which at present fills the air for them.

Happily, the fury of these madmen only manifests itself in idle words, and their projects of vengeance against quite a respectable population, to which belongs a part of the members of the above-mentioned companies, are only based on the vain hope that a Confederate army will soon rescue them from the powerful hold of the Federal eagle, the rude grasp of which they have borne with so much patience and docility. But, thanks to Divine Providence, and to the valiant swords of our officers on land and sea—thanks to the brave warriors whom they command, and to the soldiers of color who will be ready soon to fight under their command, and they will die to the last man in defence and for the maintenance of the government of the United States in this country, and the hopes of the rebels will ever be frustrated.

Moved by the noble [illegible] which prompts every man to defend his native country against invasion, urged by the desire to protect their families whom they believed to be in danger—dreading the coming of the men of the North, whom the journals of the South every day compared with the furious tornado that would in its rage destroy the abodes of the guilty, as well as those of the innocent, the men of color of this city had, to coöperate in its defence, organized a regiment under the name of the "Native Guards," and I am persuaded, in spite of the opinion of "a Union citizen" in a journal of this city, that they would have fought courageously against the Federals. For proof of what I advance, I can assure you that on the 25th of April, when the troops who ought to have defended New Orleans had already made a long distance between themselves and the approaching Federal fleet, the regiment of Native Guards still occupied the post assigned to it on Esplanade street, and only awaited the order of its brave and worthy Colonel to accomplish the task imposed on it.

But, meanwhile, that they know the good intentions of the government of the United States and those of Gen. Butler in regard to them; meanwhile, that iniquitous Recorders and corrupt Judges have made way for a Provost-Judge, for a Provost-Marshal and Deputies, who judge every one according to his works with the greatest impartiality, and without distinction of castes, there is not a single man of color who is not ready to shed his last drop of blood in aiding to maintain here the Federal authority, and who does not pray daily to God that the energetic Commanding-General, who knew how to transform a city of iniquities into a habitation of justice, be never removed from this Department.

As there is no rule without exception, believe me, Mr. Editor, that there are many highly elevated persons belonging to the white population, who greet with joy the era of consideration commencing in this city for another population unjustly despised until to-day. These persons being important themselves, they do not fear that the elevation of others can debase or degrade them. Those who show the most hostility against us are foreigners without principle, and Creoles of base extraction, known here under the name of Tihacalatas. They are for the most part people without education and without instruction, who only find themselves above persons of color by unequal civil rights and politics that the laws accord to them, and that are unhappily refused us; feeling the advantage that enlightened men, as are generally the colored persons of this city, feeling, I say, all the advantage that these persons have over them from the moment when equality will reign throughout the land, these egotistic foreigners, and these stupid Tihacalatas, vapor with fury at the sole idea of a similar innovation, and this is not to be wondered at.

I have the honor to salute you,

AN EX-NATIVE GUARD.

Attached to the next extract I notice the name of one of the Captains of the First Louisiana Regiment Native Guard, a man I remember as possessing a fine personal appearance and soldierly bearing. It is from *L'Union* of the 15th of October.

Toast by Capt. H. Louis Rey, Dec. 26, 1861, before the staff and officers of the Regiment of Native Guards:

The Revolution which broke the chains of Young America, which shook off the yoke of the Mother Country, and permitted her to take rank among the first nations of the world! The present Revolution! Finally, all revolutions, for they give birth to the progress of man, and lead him on the way to true fraternity!

TO MY TARDY COMPATRIOTS: Beautiful starry banner, thy majestic folds finally extend over us! The chains of our brothers are breaking. The whips of the planters, reeking with blood, are going to dry. Immense happiness! The affectionate son will no more see men without heart and without shame, who order him to raise the clothes of his mother, and to tear her palpitating flesh, and make him there, immovable, swallowing his powerless rage, and contemplating with a sorrowful eye this grievous spectacle of a humanity without mercy.

Men of my race, when will you comprehend that in living in the same errors as your oppressors, you retard the march of progress, which would bring with it a social and political amelioration for you?

Break, then, the chains of your slaves who are burning to enroll themselves for the defense of the Union and for the rights of man. How many of you stay behind, governed by puerile fears and greed of gain, retarding our march, obstructing the brilliant path which we ought to go over? Come then, to join us; come to aid us to undermine the old errors, to let the entire world know that our poor race is denigrated, calumniated. What a shame for you to permit that your slaves seek a place in our ranks, when you, yourselves, ought to be there! We can now proudly proclaim that we have a country to defend, a flag to make respected, for it protects and shelters us. Famine tortured our women and children; the Nationals have relieved their hunger. We were treated with contempt; we are now respected as men.

The rebels, distrustful as are all traitors, have given us arms at the moment of combat, and then abandoned us cowardly, for the regiment of Native Guards have seen the whole rebel army fleeing shamefully, leaving their women and children to the mercy of the victors, who happily protected them magnanimously, and purged the city of the rowdies and assassins that had butchered these same foreigners whom they would raise against us by their vile insinuations, begging for the friendship of those whom in former days they had consigned to the poinard of vile mercenaries. When the gunboats came opposite the city, Gen. Lewis, pale and wasted, addressed our worthy ex-Colonel: "Retire, immediately, young men; hide your arms and uniforms, otherwise you are lost."

Poor Colonel! blinded and deceived by ambitious men! Blinded and deceived brothers, also! May my feeble voice awake you from your torpor! Chavanne and Oge did not wait to be aroused and to be made ashamed; they hurried unto death; they became martyrs here on earth, and received on high the reward due to generous hearts. John Brown was hung on the gallows; but his name is inscribed with letters of fire in history, and his joyful soul travels through the Union, and leaps with joy at the clang of the breaking chains!

Hasten all; our blood only is demanded; who will hesitate? Men with the heart of the pelican. * * Let us be worthy sons of the heroes of the plains of Chalmette of 1814 and 1815, and not the slaves of the "fugitives" of Chalmette of 1862.

H. LOUIS REY,
Captain of Native Guards.

CRUEL ABUSES IN THE ARMY.

Correspondence of The Springfield Republican.

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, near Harper's Ferry, Virginia, October 25.

* * * * * WE don't object to chopping wood for once in a while as occasion may serve, or doing any other little extra work that Uncle Samuel may require. But *we came here to fight.* We expected and wanted to fight weeks ago. We haven't been permitted to fight. The weather in which we can fight comfortably is well nigh past for the season. And the soldiers are treated in such a way that they are fast losing their disposition to fight. Our brigade and others so far as I can judge are not in any respect in so good a fighting condition as they were three or four weeks since. Nothing pains me so much as to hear the expressions of the men on every side, of discouragement and complaint, of regret for having enlisted, and wishes that they were home again, and curses on the government and on the Generals, etc.—*ad infinitum.* The few who came from a mere sense of patriotic Christian duty stand their ground and bear everything without much murmuring, and doubtless half the grumblers don't mean all that they say and would come up to the mark in a battle manfully. But I should do injustice to my honest belief if I said otherwise than that the spirit of the army is going down and backward every day. The men feel that they are treated like dogs, and are out of patience with it. And there is too much ground for it as I say to you, and wish I could say to the Governors of all the States and to the President of the United States. Their wants are not attended to, their feelings are not regarded. They are neglected when they are sick, and are left to die with little care or sympathy manifested in their behalf. I tell you again, as I have told you before, the knapsacks of the men and the baggage of the officers of this and at least one other adjoining regiment still lie in a storehouse at Washington, 60 miles from here, with railway trains running three or four times each way every day, now to-morrow five weeks since we came to Harper's Ferry, and all the remonstrances we have sent in, all the messengers we have dispatched, and orders and telegrams with which we have burdened the wires, have failed to obtain that which was indispensable to our comfort. Men have died, not one but many, to my knowledge, from no other apparent cause than the exposure of sleeping night after night and week after week on the ground, without overcoat or blanket, and sometimes without any kind of tent shelter these cold October nights, on these bare exposed heights. And yet, when we sent in to our division or corps commander, for permission to one of our officers to go to Washington to get these things, the permission has been constantly refused; and when we have written or telegraphed for them, or sent special (citizen) messengers to bring them, the answer has been returned that they would only be given up to one of our commissioned officers. So have we been beaten about from pillar to post for weeks and weeks, and our sufferings contemptuously disregarded and our lives needlessly imperilled. In the smaller matter of our mail conveniences, the same disregard is shown to the soldier's comfort. Irregularity and irritating delay are the rule, order the exception. A full week has now passed away since we have received any mail from Washington (where all our letters are directed), and as to-morrow is the Sabbath with no mail, the ninth day at least must come and that with no more than the hope of relief to us. Yet there is a mail train and a mail agent running over the route every day. Our hospital arrangements are very little better. Little rooms and crowded with the patients; scarcely any pleasant delicacies such as the sick receive at home; physicians who are tired and over-crowded with cares till their manner is harsh and stern, and their pills and potions become doubly bitter to the poor fellows who receive them. And when death comes, as it does oh how frequently, then a brief funeral service, a rough coffin, a shallow grave and a wooden headboard are for the worn-out soldier of the Union, laid down to his last rest, a true hero perhaps who has come forth with the exalted motives of a Hampden or a Washington to lay his life a sacrifice on the altar of his country; a true Christian perhaps, in whose behalf the Judge shall say on the great, final day, to many now high in civil or military position, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." I speak seriously because I speak from the side of freshly-opened graves, and death makes us sober and thoughtful, but I speak inside the truth when I say that the needless privations and hardships and losses of this war are greater and more numerous than the necessary ones. And now if we must expect a continuance of the same incompetency, waste, heedless cruelty and general mismanagement which have characterized the conduct of this war hitherto, may we not at least bring a strong pressure upon those that guide our affairs, through the voice of an outraged people who have furnished men and treasure enough to have crushed this rebellion a dozen times over, to hurry up the final struggle and let our soldiers die if need be in manful battle with their enemies and not in the continued hardships and exposures of such a life of inaction as ours? If we cannot conquer, in Heaven's name let us find it out and make peace and go home. And if we can conquer let us do it before, in a general bankruptcy and wreck of things, victory and defeat become of equal value to us.

DEVOTION AND HEROISM OF A CONTRABAND.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

AT the bloody battle of Fair Oaks, Va., the rebels during the first day's fight drove Gen. Casey's division from their camping-ground, and rested for the night, confident that the morrow would give them a chance to drive the Yankee invader beyond the Chickahominy. But just at daylight that morning, Heintzelman's corps reënforced our line, and at daybreak were hurled against the rebel foe. For a long time the issue was doubtful. The line swayed to and fro; but at last the Excelsior Brigade—the heroes of Williamsburg—were ordered to charge. That charge is a matter of history. It gave to us the battle-ground of Fair Oaks.

During the month of June, that brigade held the ground they won, and skirmishes with the rebels were of daily occurrence. One afternoon word was sent to Gen. Sickles that the enemy was advancing in force, and every prepartion was at once made for battle. A few shots were heard from pickets but a few hundred yards in advance of our battery, and then all was quiet. What meant that quietness? What were the rebels doing? Several orderlies, sent out to the pickets, failed to bring any satisfactory intelligence. Gen. Sickles turned to Lieut. Palmer, one of his aids, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and directed him to take a squad of cavalry and ride cautiously out to the first bend in the road and communicate with our pickets.

Palmer was a noble fellow—young, handsome, a perfect gentleman, a graceful rider, a gallant soldier. He was the pride of the brigade. Forgetful of the caution given him, with the impetuosity characteristic of youth, he dashed forward at a full gallop, with saber drawn. He came to the first bend in the road, and (fatal mistake) kept on. He came to the second bend, and as he turned it, directly across the road was a company of rebel infantry, drawn up to receive him. They fired. One ball crashed through that handsome face into his brain, while another tore the arm that bore aloft his trusty blade.

The shots were heard at the battery; and in a moment Palmer's riderless horse, bleeding from a wound in its neck, galloped from the woods, followed by the squad of cavalry, who told to the General the untimely fate of his aid.

"Boys," said the General to the veterans who clustered around to hear the story, "Lieut. Palmer's body lies out in that road." Not a word more needed saying. Quickly the men fell in, and a general advance of the line was made to secure it.

While the cavalrymen were telling the story, a negro servant of Lieut. Palmer's was standing by. Unnoticed, he left the group: down that road—the Williamsburg turnpike—he went; he passed our picket line, and alone and unattended he walked along that avenue of death to so many, not knowing what moment he would be laid low by a rebel bullet, or be made a prisoner, to undergo the still worse death—a life of slavery. Upon the advance of our line, that faithful servant was found by the side of his dead master: faithful in life, and faithful amid all the horrors of the battle-field—even in the jaws of death.

None but those who knew the locality—the gallant men that make up Hooker's division—can appreciate the heroism that possessed that contraband. That road was lined with sharpshooters—a wounded man once lay in it three days, neither party daring to rescue him. The act of that heroic unknown (for I regret that I cannot recall his name) but faithful contraband, was one of the most daring of the war, and prompted by none other than the noblest feelings known to the human breast.—*I.—Independent.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VICTORY, THEN PEACE.

BY KATY CARLISLE.

SONS of Patriot Sires, whose eyes
Watch you now from yonder skies,
Rise! 'tis Freedom bids you rise
  For your bleeding land!

From your mountains, peaked with snow,
From your flowery valleys low,
From the workshop and the plow,
  Come, a hardy band!

For your banner, broad and fair,
Floating on the buoyant air;
For the brave words written there—
  "UNION,—LIBERTY!"—

Crush Rebellion in his den,
Set the last slave free, and then
Peace shall crown our land again,
  Child of VICTORY!

THE ABOLITIONIST.

From Harper's Weekly.

THERE is no word more frequently and angrily used and less understood than the word Abolitionist. President Lincoln and Daniel S. Dickinson, Gov. Johnson and Gov. Andrew, Thurlow Weed and Wendell Phillips, are all called by the same name. Of course there is but one point upon which all these men agree, and that is, a truly vigorous prosecution of the war. But that is not abolitionism. Emancipation as a means of war may be justified by all of them; but that is not abolitionism. The word Abolitionist designates a party in the country whose position and influence have never been correctly estimated, because its members have been too much hated to be fairly treated. Nobody has taken the trouble to know what they thought or what they proposed. It has been enough that they were said to be disunionists. What kind of disunionists, or why disunionists, have not been questions thought to be worth the asking, especially by the politicians who now call their late companions Abolitionists, because they insist upon the Union at every cost; and who think and call the open bloody disunionists of the South "erring brethren."

But the history of these times will have to deal differently with the facts, the influences, and the characters which are summarily classed as "Abolitionism." For merely to call the men known as Abolitionists a handful of fanatics, incendiaries, and agitators, explains them and their cause as much as Sydney Smith's sneering accounts of Methodism and Methodists, or Hume's description of Cromwell and the Independents; but no more. It is certainly not very complimentary to the American people to say that a few bitter fanatics at the North called Abolitionists, and a few other fanatics at the South called Secessionists, plunged thirty million of us into this tremendous civil war. If the individual James Otis had held his tongue would there have been no revolution? If John Hampden had paid the ship money would the Stuarts to-day be Kings of England? James Otis and John Hampden were but men who spoke for fundamental and decisive principles. When those ideas were in play those men were inevitable. If fifty Abolitionists and as many secessionists had been hung, think many, there would have been no trouble. But do you think that if Luther had been hung, there would have been no Reformation? In what conceivable way was Luther strong or successful but in being the mouth of those who believed as he did? Unless you could have hung the instinct of popular liberty in England in 1640, or the same instinct in America in 1770, you would have struck but one soldier of an army in striking Hampden or Otis. Unless you could kill Protestantism you might as well spare Luther. And unless you can hang abolitionism you will hang Abolitionists in vain.

Correctly speaking, the Abolitionists were, in our history, a body of persons who thought slavery wrong; who held that the Constitution favored it, and that as the system was sure to corrupt the whites as well as imbrute the blacks, there was no hope for either but in the change of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Union of which it was the bond. But they proposed that the change should be effected peacefully and legally by common consent; and to that end they endeavored to show what they considered the ultimate danger and present wrong of the Constitution. This was their "agitation." They opposed violence of every kind. They were, many of them, non-resistants. They did not vote; for to vote was to acknowledge what they thought a wicked Constitution. They did not approve the method, but only the purpose of John Brown; and they said to the rest of us, "You who believe in force have no right to blame him for helping others to do what you praise our fathers for doing in the Revolution." They believed that immediate emancipation was desirable, but they aimed to achieve it solely by influencing public opinion through that perfect freedom of discussion which the Constitution guaranteed. Some among them—but very few—were more vehement, and sometimes attempted to resist the law, as in Boston at the Burns capture. But the Personal Liberty bills, although the Abolitionists approved and advocated them, were passed by Legislatures in which no Abolitionist sat, because no Abolitionist could swear to support the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

Abolitionism, justly understood, was thus a purely moral power. It sought a moral end solely by moral means. It was fierce, vituperative, and denunciative; but so has every party been. Its leaders deliberately resigned all the prizes of worldly ambition, and accepted the contumely heaped upon them by both the great parties in the country. Republican and Democrat equally eschewed the name or suspicion of abolitionism. And justly. For the Democrats were in political alliance with slavery, and the Republicans differed fundamentally from the Abolitionists in their interpretation of the Constitution. The latter held it to be a bond of slavery; the former of liberty. The Abolitionists thought the only hope of the country was in escaping from the Constitution. The Republicans believed that the slavery question could be settled peacefully for liberty without change of the Constitution.

They were right. For it was the clear preception of the slave interest that it *would* be so settled—a fact of which Mr. Lincoln's election was the earnest—that drove that interest to arms to destroy the Constitution. Philosophically, the difference between the Republicans and the Abolitionists was one of political method, not of moral conviction. But in human affairs a difference of method is radical. The Republicans, therefore, neither decried the Constitution nor the Union. But they deplored the false interpretation of the one and the prostitution of the other. They believed that the people would yet save both. Consequently they were all of them unswerving Unionists. They did not threaten to rebel if they were not successful at the polls, and they severely condemned all who assented to such threats. For they had faith in a popular government to right even the worst wrongs. And their faith is justified.

There is no more interesting chapter of our history than that known as Abolitionism, which is an episode in the great movement of liberty upon this continent. To call it fanaticism, and consider that a final and satisfactory explanation, is as ludicrous as to define Washington simply as a rebel, or Luther as a heretic.

THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB.—*The Saturday Review* says: "In the churchyard of Edmonton the inquiring traveller may, after considerable search, find the grave of Charles and Mary Lamb. The churchyard is large, and has an air of neglect and desolation, and one of the most neglected parts of it is the grave of the man whose memory gives the whole scene an interest. The grave is a little way back from a side path: and is overgrown with nettles and long grass, while over it towers a hideous erection of the fluted order of village architecture, designed to perpetuate the fame of a certain Gideon Rippon, of Eagle House. On the tombstone, between the dates recording that Charles Lamb died December 27, 1834, aged fifty-nine, and that Mary Anne Lamb died May 20, 1847, aged eighty years, are inserted twelve of the very worst verses that the ingenuity of friends could have struck out. In the beautiful and touching lines in which Wordsworth sketched the character and history of his friend, he tells us that he meant the earlier portion of the piece to be placed on Lamb's tombstone, but that other arrangements had been made. The visitor to Edmonton may see what was the effusion then was preferred to Wordsworth. It begins by declaring that Lamb's meek and harmless mirth 'no more shall gladden our domestic heart.' It goes on to assure the deceased that he is not all lost—and that his writings shall 'win many an English bosom pleased to see that old and happier vein revived in thee.' Everything is in a sort of rude harmony—the nettles, the shrine of Gideon Rippon, and the doggerel. We go out to see the grave of one of the most charming and original English writers of the nineteenth century, and we find a bank of weeds and a supereminent mass of stone or stucco in honor of a bank clerk, and a set of verses for which the schoolboy of Lord Macaulay's 'Essays' would have been deservedly flogged."

SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

From The Providence Journal.

WE have heard the clerical brethren of Dr. Bellows of New York sometimes say that he is so anxious to be fair towards his opponents that he concedes to them what no one would think of demanding, and that consequently not a few of his blows are directed upon wind mills of his own erection. He furnishes a remarkable illustration of this in his recent speech at the Unitarian Convention, wherein he lauds the Southern social character, and takes for granted the superiority of Southern society, an assumption quite as unfounded as that of the superiority of the Southern institution of labor. Now all this is very pretty. Like everything that Dr. Bellows says, it is well expressed and striking. The only fault in it is that it is not at all true. The question is one merely of fact; and it is not a fact that the educated and polished classes of the South are in the lighter graces, the charms of manners and conventions, superior to the same classes in the North; while in the less cultured classes the superiority is altogether with the North. We have no population in the North so ignorant and degraded as the "Crackers" of Georgia, and the "white trash" of South Carolina. The "peculiar charm of Southern young men at college" is a matter of taste. In so far as it is distinguished from the charm of Northern young men at college, it consists in a greater aptitude for horses and pistols, and a less aptitude for study and art; in a more frothy declamation and less solid acquirements; in great indolence and less sense of responsibility. It is a matter of taste which style of young man displays the most charming qualities; but the decision is not to be taken for granted without stating the grounds on which it is made.

So with the other points on which Dr. Bellows institutes a comparison, or rather in which he concedes the praise to the South, without instituting any comparison. If any man prefers the false and sophistical messages, the turgid proclamations of the Confederates, their bombastic nonsense about "chivalry," to the polished sentences of Seward and the stirring orders of McClellan and Burnside, we will not quarrel with his taste, but we certainly shall not accept his preference. It is simply ridiculous to attribute the dynastic malignity of foreign powers, not to the hatred of free institutions, not to the jealousy of our increasing greatness and power, but to the fascinations of the rebel ministers, half of whom spit tobacco juice on the carpet. That there have been conspicuous instances of humanity towards our prisoners by the rebels, is true; it is equally true that there have been as conspicuous instances of great cruelty. In the general treatment of wounded prisoners, no well informed man can doubt—Dr. Bellows, with his experience, certainly cannot—that we have greatly surpassed them. The humanity which is with them the exception, is with us the rule. Jeff. Davis has just issued a proclamation that all captured Union officers shall be put to hard labor, if the President persists in doing just what the rebels have always done.

Nor is Dr. Bellows more fortunate in his illustration than in his facts. He says "one might as well deny the small feet and hands of that people." Now the hands and feet of the Southern people are not smaller than the hands and feet of the Northern people. This is a mere question of fact and observation. Hands unaccustomed to labor are smaller than those that have been enlarged by useful toil. The Arabs have a fanciful saying that if water will run under the hollow of your foot, it is a sign that your ancestors have not borne burdens; but the Prince of Wales, whose blood would entitle him by this rule to the smallest extremities, was remarked in this country for the largeness of his feet. But whether, however, small hands and feet be a sign of blood or not, need not be inquired here, since the statement of Dr. Bellows is not borne out by observation. But the courage of the South, "the contempt of life." Where is its superiority in this respect illustrated? We concede high courage to the Southern people; but where has it been tested against the North and proved its superiority? On what fields, on what seas? They have a "code of honor" which does not prevail with us, and the study of which fits a man for an assassin, by teaching him the way in which he may oppose superior skill to inferior, and take advantage of any lack of familiarity with the use of arms. In this respect their practice is vastly inferior, in all the elements of true chivalry, to that of the West, and it is a corruption of the French rules, where equality between the combatants is an essential condition of the encounter. The Southern code has no such requirement. It is a pettifogging struggle for advantage on one side or the other. There is a difference between the Northern and the Southern civilization. The natural differences of climate and of ethnological causes are modified and increased by slavery, which makes men imperious without adding to their dignity, and often cruel without increasing their courage, which gives them greater leisure for idle accomplishments, and less taste for solid acquirements. That it should make them superior to the race that is hardened by a sense of self-dependence, is not natural upon any just theory, and is not borne out by the only true test—that of practical observation.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.

A YOUNG woman, who was formerly one of the housemaids at Windsor, left her Majesty's service to marry, preserves a lively remembrance of the various incidents of her stay at the castle, and of the pranks of the little people who are now growing up to do honor to their Royal mother's training.

Among other incidents of her residence at Windsor, Mary well remembers how, one morning, she was busy cleaning the grate in Prince Albert's study, the bars of which she was in the act of blacking, when the door opened, and in tripped Princess Royal and Princess Alice in white morning frocks, their hair very smooth and nice, and their hands very clean, just ready for their morning lessons. Mary happened to be rather late that day, and was brushing away at the grate with might and main, being rather fearful lest the Prince should make his appearance before she had done.

"O Mary, Mary," cried the two children, coming up to her, "what are you doing?"

"I'm blacking the grate," replied Mary, "and I'm in a great hurry, for I'm afraid the Prince will be coming before I've done."

"O Mary, now, there's a good Mary, let us help you brush the grate," cried the two children, stooping down one on each side of her, and trying to get hold of the brushes. "Give us the brushes, Mary, and the lead, and let us help you. It will be such fun."

Mary begged them to go away, and not make her lose time; but somehow or other, though she did her best to keep her hold of the brushes, the little princesses were too cunning for her, and soon obtained possession of them. No sooner had they done so than they dipped the brushes into the pot of black lead, and then, in a twinkling, smeared Mary's face all over with them, making her black as a chimney-sweep; which feat being accomplished, they scampered out of the room in the greatest possible state of delight, leaving the poor maid beside herself with terror, as the Queen, who is a very early riser, might very probably meet her if she left the room, and what would her Majesty say at the sight of such a blackamoor?

While the poor girl, in her fright, was hesitating to go or to stay, afraid of coming upon the Queen if she left the study, and equally afraid of seeing Prince Albert if she remained, the two children ran off as fast as they could toward the school-room, tittering with exultation at the thought of their *escapada,* when they suddenly met their governess, Miss H——d, who stopped them, and asked them what they were doing in that particular passage at that hour.

"We are going to the school-room," answered the little princesses.

"Very good; but where are you coming from?"

At this awkward question the children, looking uncomfortably conscious, held down their heads, but said nothing.

At this moment who should appear at the same doorway but her Majesty, who happened to be going to Prince Albert's study, supposing the Prince to be there, and wishing to speak to him.

"Why, what are the children doing here?" inquired the Queen, stopping at the sight of the group.

"That, your Majesty," replied Miss H., "is just what I am trying to find out, but have not yet been able to discover."

"Where have you been," asked the Queen of the children, much surprised at their evident embarrassment, and looking more closely, "and what are those little black specks on your frocks and on your hands?" she continued, pursuing her investigation. "It is very evident that you have been at some mischief," said Her Majesty, "and I insist upon your showing me at once where you have come from."

As her children have always seemed to know that their royal mama is not to be trifled with, they immediately led the way to the study, though very reluctantly, and in as great trepidation as was the poor housemaid herself, who heard what was going on, but could not escape, there being no other way from the study than the passage by which the Queen, led by the children, was advancing to the door, where one glance at the face of poor Mary, who was crying as she stood there trying to rub the lead off her face with her apron, revealed to the Queen the nature of the prank in which the little truants had been engaged.

"Don't cry, but go and wash your face," said the Queen, kindly, to the frightened servant. "You are not to blame because the princesses have done wrong. You are two very naughty girls," she continued, turning to the children as the housemaid left the room; "you have spoiled Mary's clothes, and you will therefore give her a new gown, and cap, and collar, which you will pay for out of your own money. And as you have behaved very ill and very rudely to the poor girl in blacking her face, you will both of you beg pardon for what you have done."

The children's footman was accordingly dispatched forthwith into the town, with instructions to purchase a new gown, cap and collar for Mary; and as soon as these were brought up to the school room the two little princesses were sent by the Queen to carry them to her, and to ask her pardon for the trick they had played upon her.

"Here, Mary," they cried, as they presented her with the things, "here is a new cap for you, and a collar, and a dress, and mama says there is quite enough for flounces. And we beg your pardon for putting the blacking on your face this morning."

And back they ran again to the school room, declaring that they did not in the least mind giving Mary the new cap, and collar, and dress, but they did not like to beg her pardon.

SONNET.

[The following graceful sonnet is in the dedication of CHARLES T. CONGDON'S poem, "The Warning of the War," delivered at Dartmouth College.]

TO SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

RECEIVE, dear Gay, these rude but honest rhymes—
  Or all is good in them, a debt, receive,
  As what your pen has taught me to believe,
Or friendly converse in these hostile times!
Our sky is dark and blood-red; and the hour
  Full of God's wrath; yet if some small delight
  Remain of happier days, 'tis yours of right,
Who have not learned in all your life to cower.

Yours is the sorrow; yours is not the shame;
  Whose aye assiduous finger has not failed
  So many years to point to our ill fame,
And coming retribution; now assail'd.

Our peace, no heart than yours will warmer yearn,
If but our wrong's removed, to mark our peace return!

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

AT the Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in London, Oct. 15th, an address was read from the Paris Committee, suggesting the presentation of an address to the Churches in America, expressive of sympathy with the North, but urging that the extinction of slavery should be made a more prominent object of the war. In the course of the discussion upon this communication, Sir Culling Eardley recommended the Confederates to anticipate the Federal government in the emancipation of the slaves. We have many brethren in the South as well as in the North—brethren, if you please, deluded as to the evils and sin of slavery, but brethren still. Now, I have a word to say to these Southern brethren. Southern brethren, you are free traders, and therefore you know what the word competition means.

Now, I should like to whisper in your ears, or rather (if you would not think it unkind or unchristian) to thunder in your ears the word competition. Compete with President Lincoln! He is emancipating (some say) your slaves badly. Do you do it well. He is doing it as an act of war. Do you it as a measure of peace. He is doing it instantly. Do you do it safely and gradually. He declares every negro shall be free at the New-Year. Do you declare that every child born after the New-Year shall be free. Do you give every negro the right of buying his freedom, at a price fixed by law. You want troops; do you declare that every negro who will serve in your army shall instantly be a free man. Take measures of this sort, and not only will you turn away from yourselves the possibility of a terrible catastrophe—not only will you, such of you as are real Christians, satisfy the exigencies of your own consciences—but you will probably lay a foundation in the respect and sympathy of Europe, on which it is not impossible that the superstructure of peace may hereafter be constructed.

The Rev. W. Arthur (Wesleyan) thought the Conference should express its anti-slavery feelings. It would be a delusion to suppose that the slaveholders could be induced to undo all that they had done. The Rev. Mr. Harriss regretted the expression of the sentiments that had been uttered by the Chairman, and could not admit that the South and the North were open to comparison. Could such a meeting as that accept the highest bidder for their favor? To do so would be to take part with the dishonest people against those who, whatever their mistakes, were with us on this subject. The Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., admitted that there was a strong anti-slavery feeling in the country; but asserted that, on constitutional grounds, there were many who sympathized with the South. The first mention of slavery in Scripture was in connection with a divine promise, and in the last mention of it, bond and free were spoken of as in the same confederacy with Christ. Looking at the matter in the concrete, they would of course condemn slavery in every form, including the slave trade; but the moment they go beyond that, they entered upon delicate ground, involving difficult questions. If the Alliance entered into this political question, the door would be open to collision on other questions. After a prolonged discussion, the question of preparing an address on the subject was referred to a Committee.

On the 16th, the Committee appointed on the previous evening submitted the following resolutions with reference to the war in America, which they had agreed to unanimously: "That the fraternal communication received from the Paris branch be affectionately acknowledged; that the best thanks of the Conference be conveyed to our French brethren, for their expression of warm interest in the operations and success of our branch of the Alliance, with the assurance that we participate in their deep sympathy with our common brethren in America in the fearful calamities which have sprung from the civil war now raging. That this Conference desire to express their deep sorrow for the continuance of the civil war in America, and the fearful amount of bloodshed and suffering to which it has led.

"Believing that sin is the cause of God's sore judgments, and that the evils connected with the maintenance of slavery in the South, and complicity with those evils in the North, are one great cause of this solemn visitation, they renew their expressions of the earnest prayer that peace may be restored; that these evils, and all others, which have led to these calamities, may be removed, and the immense resources and energies of the American Churches be set free to promote the cause of the Gospel of peace and love. They desire further to record their conviction, as British Christians, that the duty of our country is to read in this war not a warrant for self-righteous pride, but a loud call to humiliation and prayer and repentance, lest our own and many national sins should draw down upon us, in turn, the judgments of God. That considering further the distress thus occasioned to large classes in our country, they recommend that Sunday, Nov. 9, be made an occasion for public and private confession of sin and special prayer on these grave subjects, so far as practicable, in all the churches of Christ and Christian families throughout the land."

JERUSALEM UNDERGROUND.—An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply-bevelled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the "dome of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehosaphet, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the Brook Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting. He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethesda; and on his opening it, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. This caused the greatest excitement amongst the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of Messiah's coming, and [illegible] the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. [illegible] which has a peculiar taste [illegible] water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the [illegible] which Hezekiah built, and which is [illegible] by Josephus. The measurements and [illegible] of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the [illegible] conclusions are disputed, but no one has succeeded in so disinterring relics of the holy city.

LAST MOMENTS OF GEN. MITCHEL.

[Extract of a letter to *The Tribune* from Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, dated Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 30.]

WHEN I closed my letter, last evening, it was with an expressed hope that Gen. Mitchel would soon be better. But alas! for our hopes.

Standing by his bedside yesterday, he reached out his hand and took mine, and looking up in my face he said: "It is a blessed thing to have a Christian's hope in a time like this." I answered encouragingly, and he immediately closed his eyes and said no more. An hour after, he beckoned me, and feebly shaking my hand, said: "You must not stay any longer; go now and come to me in the morning. I obeyed and called this morning at half-past seven; on the steps I met the Rev. Dr. Strickland, Chaplain of the New York 48th, who had been called for. We stepped into the ante-room together, and waited a few moments, when Maj. Birch, who has been untiring in his attentions, entered almost convulsed with grief. He had just taken down the last will and wishes of his beloved commander. He did not see us, but his emotion did honor to his head and heart. He conducted the Rev. Mr. Strickland to the bedside of the General, and beckoned me to follow. I did not hear the words of the General as the Rev. Mr. S. stooped to speak to him, but I did hear him say, "Kneel down," and then he asked Mr. Strickland to make a short prayer. How still he lay while that prayer went up to the throne of the God of battles!

At its conclusion, as we rose, his eye rested on me, and his hand was extended again. "You can do me no good," said he, faintly; "do not stay." His mind seems perfectly clear and calm; but he is failing constantly. Every hour we send messengers, but no encouragement comes.

It will be a dark hour for the Southern Department when Gen. Mitchel's spirit wings its way homeward. Every friend of freedom was cheered by his course here. He seemed to be a true friend of the slaves. Not one moved by undue sympathy, such as would prove injurious to them, but resolved to give aid to all plans for their elevation and emancipation that lay within his power, and to screen them in every possible way from the prejudices and brutalities of our soldiery. One of his first efforts was to build them houses to live in, and the new, clean tenements at Hilton Head, looming up like a young Western village, are a monument to-day of his promptness and energy—trivial monuments to the naked eye, bright and enduring to the thinking heart. They are but the shadowy forerunners of days to come, even as the first log huts of the pioneer shrine the possibilities of great States, that lie waiting but to spring into life and grandeur. Science loses a bright star from its zenith, society a brilliant member from its circles, humanity a warm and tried friend, while philanthropy may well vail her face and weep as for a son dutiful and loyal.

4 *p.m.*—Gen. Mitchel still lives. His attendant physician, Surgeon E. D. Mitchell of the 8th Maine, is indefatigable. Major Birch, his only well staff officer, does not leave him except to ease his aching heart by tears. It is a solemn sight to see a stern warrior bowing his head like a woman, and pouring forth his deep sorrow in sobs.

Oh! it is a tearful sight to us all to see a father thus dying—dying in the same house with his two sons, and they not know it—not permitted to look upon his face—not permitted to treasure his last words, his last look—that all these must be given to strangers.

But they are too sick yet to bear the blow; it would shatter them; therefore, they must be kept in ignorance till a coming hour.

7 *p.m.*—Gen. Mitchel has breathed his last. He is gone from us. Our hopes that were placed on him must be lifted higher—higher. With Victor Hugo, we must learn to say: It is not Generals or soldiers, but God, who must give us the victory in this war of the powers of darkness.

Gen. Mitchel had entire possession of his faculties till within an hour or two of his departure, when his reason seemed to wander. His last intelligent look was to the Rev. Mr. Strickland; seeing him approach the bed, he looked up devoutly, and lifting his hand pointed upward twice. So passed he calmly from among men. Who shall fathom the mystery of his going but Him who knoweth all things from the beginning?

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